

THE DIAL

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A STATEMENT.

The significance of any crisis which may arise in human affairs lies in the attitude of mind with which individuals or nations meet that test. If the crisis which confronts the United States as this issue of THE DIAL goes to press can quicken our national consciousness and so sharpen our sense of values that we can face realities unflinchingly and drop the fatuous self-deception which has threatened to corrode our spirit, we, as a nation, shall have gained something worth even the cost in human life which may result.

To hold convictions for which we are unwilling to pay the supreme price is a greater calamity than physical suffering or sacrifice. Believing this, and absolutely supporting the President in the stand which he has now taken, THE DIAL will strive in the presence of whatever confusions may arise in the immediate future to maintain a clear vision, seeking to discern the shaping of those forces and convictions which make for a freer and nobler society.

THE DIAL will continue to devote itself chiefly to the field of literature but it will also publish from time to time articles and discussions inspired more directly by the trend of events.

MARTYN JOHNSON, Publisher.

W. H. HUDSON.

Mr. W. H. Hudson's works, which I hear are now beginning to be read in America, may be divided into four classes: Books about Birds: 5 volumes; South American Nature Books: "The Naturalist in La Plata" 1892 and "Idle Days in Patagonia" 1893; English Nature Books. 5 volumes: "Nature in Downland" 1900, "Hampshire Days" 1903, "The Land's End" 1908, "Afoot in England" 1909, "A Shepherd's Life" 1910; Romances: "The Purple Land" 1885, "A Crystal Age" 1887, "El Ombú" 1902, "Green Mansions" 1904, "A Little Boy Lost; A Story for Children" 1905.

It is only fitting that cultivated Americans should, at last, wake up to the existence of

Mr. Hudson's genius, for there are ties of blood affinity between them, Devonshire, Irish, and American blood mixing in his veins, and one side of his family issuing from an old stock of pioneers whose descendants are to-day a flourishing clan in the States. Since his books and not his personal life are the public's concern, one need only add that Mr. Hudson was reared on an estate near Buenos Ayres, that he passed his youth and early manhood in the Argentine and contiguous South American states, and that he has made England his home for over thirty years. It was his romantic environment as a child on the pampas that determined his vision and nurtured his delight in the wild life of nature. It was from this same environment that he acquired the most intimate knowledge of the kingdom of bird, beast, and reptile and of their habits and ways of life. It happened that the effect of a serious illness in youth turned Mr. Hudson from a life of action to observation and contemplation of nature, and while he studied, as a spectator, her myriad activities, his dormant artistic and poetic faculties were stimulated and deepened. We know that late in life Darwin lamented that his own artistic faculties, and his pleasure in works of the creative imagination had become atrophied by his detailed scientific researches. Mr. Hudson's nature books are certainly the best examples we have in literature of the enrichment of the field of a naturalist's vision by the collaboration of his artistic and poetic insight.

While the romances are, so to say, the poetic quintessence of Hudson's genius, it is not easy to define the looser, more diversified charm of his Nature books. Here, the blend of the most varied qualities, a spirit strong and virile yet exquisitely tender in feeling, intense susceptibility to all forms and shades of natural beauty, perfect sympathy with the spirit of living creatures, a delightful caprice, and an intimate familiarity with all aspects of the countryside, all combine in a *mélange* of little scenes and episodes, of observations and reflections, to form a most natural pattern. Where Hudson is superior to his English rivals, such as Richard Jefferies, is in the way he weaves his frankly human interests in the characters and life of countrymen he meets into the texture of his nature study. His wide range of emotional mood, his pas-

sion for every form of bird life (he is the poet of the birds), his hatred of materialism, of human callousness and stupidity, his artistic pleasure in everything characteristic blend into so natural a whole that no books could be less "bookish" or more refreshing than his. His supreme naturalness springs from his unselfconsciousness, his candor and directness, his human flexibility, his freshness of feeling. So the subject of nature in his writings never appears cold, or arid, or aloof from our sympathies. As I have written elsewhere, the charm and the real force of Mr. Hudson's outlook lie in his refusal to separate man's real life from nature's life. He reveals to us more than any other writer man's true spiritual relation to the vast world of created, sentient things in earth and sky, that free life of wild nature whose beauty cannot yet content our souls but we must harass, mutilate, and exterminate them, or catalogue scientifically and collect them. His nature books contain hundreds of passages in which man's life is presented to us as a beautiful thing when seen as a part of nature, with all its strong ties, visible and invisible, to the earth that sustains and nurtures him, and to the firmament in which he draws his breath. It has been reserved for "modern thought" temporarily intoxicated by its hasty draught of "scientific discoveries" to fail — where no age ever failed before — to lay stress upon man's spiritual dependence on the world of nature round him. The great minds, the great poets, philosophers and religious teachers of all ages, from Homer to Virgil, from Shakespeare to Turgenev, from the Hebrew prophets downwards have never shared in the materialistic trick of the modern vision, of seeing men out of perspective. But, owing to science's materialistic discoveries obscuring our field of spiritual vision, nearly every writer, to-day, is trying to see into nature's life apart from the medium of human emotion, and *in vacuo*, as it were. Though the gain of this method to physical science may be great, it is Mr. Hudson's distinction to reassert that the supreme inexhaustible field that lies before man, lies outside his utilitarian interests, lies in his own spiritual absorption in the vast drama of nature's myriad activities.

The work of field naturalists of rank calls, indeed, for the exercise of a multiplicity of

gifts. If we think of Gilbert White, Waterton, Richard Jefferies, or of Belt Bates and Wallace, or of Thoreau, Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, we see that the temperament of each observer face to face with wild nature is, so to say, a set of tools peculiar to himself with which he explores "the complex system of things we call nature." In a passage, practically unknown, I have examined why it is that the trained observer who is rich in feeling, penetrates into vast regions of nature's life necessarily debarred to the "impassive" observers who occupy themselves with "facts" and "laws," so I summarize it here:

"A page from Mr. Hudson's last book, 'Hampshire Days,' will best illustrate the degree to which his subtle artistic method of interpreting 'scientific facts' throws open new avenues in approaching nature's life:"

THE CUCKOO FOUNDLING.

The end of the little history—the fate of the ejected nestling and the attitude of the parent robins—remains to be told. When the young cuckoo throws out the nestlings from nests in trees, hedges, bushes, and reeds, the victims, as a rule, fall some distance to the ground, or in the water, and are no more seen by the old birds. Here, the young robin, when ejected, fell a distance of but five or six inches, and rested on a broad, bright green leaf, where it was an exceedingly conspicuous object; and when the mother robin was on the nest—and at this stage she was on it a greater part of the time—warming that black-skinned, toad-like, spurious babe of hers, her bright intelligent eyes were looking full at the other one, just beneath her, which she had grown in her body, and had hatched with her warmth, and was her very own. I watched her for hours; watched her when warming the cuckoo, when she left the nest, and when she returned with food, and warmed it again, and never once did she pay the least attention to the outcast lying so close to her. There, on its green leaf, it remained, growing colder by degrees, hour by hour, motionless, except when it lifted its head as if to receive food, then dropped it again, and when at intervals, it twitched its body, as if trying to move. During the evening these slight motions ceased, though that feeblest flame of life was not yet extinguished; but in the morning it was dead and cold and stiff; and just above it, her bright eyes on it, the mother robin sat on the nest as before, warming her cuckoo.

How amazing and almost incredible it seems that a being such as a robin, intelligent above most birds, as we are apt to think, should prove in this instance to be a mere automaton! The case would, I think, have been different if the ejected one had made a sound, since there is nothing which more excites the parent bird, or which is more instantly responded to than the cry of hunger or distress of the young. But at this early stage the nestling is voiceless—another point in favour of the parasite. The sight of its young, we see, slowly and dumbly dying, touches no chord in the parent; there is, in fact, no recognition; once out of the nest it is no more than a coloured leaf, or bird-shaped pebble, or fragment of clay.

It happened that my young fellow-watchers, seeing that the ejected robin if left there would inevitably perish, proposed to take it in to feed and rear it—to save it, as they said; but I advised them not to attempt such a thing, but rather to spare the bird. To spare it the misery they would inflict on it by attempting to fill its parents' place. . . . It would perhaps have a wholesome effect on their young minds and save them from grieving overmuch at the death of a newly hatched robin, if they would consider this fact of the pain that is and must be. . . .

When summer came round again they would find no more birds than they had now. And so it would be in all places; all that incalculable increase would have perished. Many millions would be devoured by rapacious birds and beasts; millions more would perish of hunger and cold; millions of migrants would fall by the way, some in the sea, and some on the land; those that returned from distant regions would be but a remnant. It is not only that this inconceivable amount of bird-life must be destroyed each year, but we cannot suppose that death is not a painful process. In a vast majority of cases, whether the bird slowly perishes of hunger and weakness, or is pursued and captured by birds and beasts of prey, or is driven by cold adverse winds and storms into the waves, the pain, the agony, must be great. The least painful death is undoubtedly that of the bird, that, weakened by want of sustenance, dies by night of cold in severe weather. It is indeed most like the death of the nestling, but a few hours out of the shell, which has been thrown out of the nest, and which soon grows cold and dozes its feeble, unconscious life away. . . .

This descriptive analysis of bird-life is saturated with human feeling. But do we lose or gain knowledge thereby? Does it not carry us from low to higher ranges of comprehension? Let us suppose that it were paraphrased in "impassive," scientific language, and its artistic and poetic shades of feeling were expunged. In that case the bald facts recounted would remain as a groundwork, but the very spirit of life in the thing seen would be altered, our insight and comprehension would be indefinitely lessened. So the "impassive" scientists themselves are in a dilemma. We cannot actually comprehend nature's life without being emotionally affected by it, that is, our comprehension is largely the emotion it excites in us. So, face to face with nature's wild life, "scientific observation" must be supplemented and inspired by artistic and poetic methods of divination. To comprehend sentient life we must employ all the old emotional tools of the human mind, all those shades of æsthetic sensibility and of human imagination by which the great artists and poets seize and apprehend the character of life. The scientists are in their element in investigating the working of physical laws, in determining the properties or the functions of living organisms, but a knowledge of these laws no more

qualifies them to apprehend the character, nature, or spirit of the life of nature's wild creatures under the open sky than a perfect knowledge of anatomy can make a man a Praxiteles.

And wild nature's life being a natural drama of instinct, an unceasing play of hunger, love, battle, courtship, fear, parental emotion, vanity, and most of all, perhaps, pure enjoyment of physical powers, it is obvious that every man who is irresponsible in his feelings or possessed of a dull artistic imagination, or weak æsthetic sensibilities, must remain practically aloof from wild nature, and its infinite feast of characteristic displays. He will not see or feel what is going on in forest and meadow, and so, remaining blind to the whole force and spirit of nature, he will not be able to pronounce on its life!

One cannot of course hope to communicate anything of the charm of Hudson's nature books by these generalizations. For the finest, closest, most sympathetic study ever made of the life of the old-fashioned English countryman the reader should turn to "A Shepherd's Life," while "Nature in Downland" will give him a more variegated picture of the wild charm and human interest of the region of the Sussex South Downs than is presented even by Gilbert White or Jefferies. "Hampshire Days," similarly, does for the New Forest what "The Land's End" does for Cornwall. Happy is the American reader who acquiring these and "Afoot in England" for less than half the price of a suit of clothes can enter into free communion with the magical, antique beauty of the wild life of England's unspoiled hills and woods and meadows and moors and coast.

It is distressing to have to set down, here, that so far as this critic's experience goes, not one in a hundred readers really cares for work of fine creative imagination and rare spiritual beauty. The tale most poignant in its tragic beauty in the English language is, I hold, "El Ombú." I thought so fifteen years ago when, as reader to a certain London publisher, I found and read the MS.; but our public does not love tales that disturb its complacency, and its reception, when published in "The Greenback Library," was lukewarm. "Green Mansions," issued in 1904, secured a select, enthusiastic audience, as did the reprint of "A Purple Land" in the

same year. But the three romances remained caviare to the larger audience that was then beginning to take note of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Galsworthy. It is characteristic of the public that when it flocks to drink at the fashionable literary wells, whether it be of Stevenson in this decade, or Kipling or Arnold Bennett in that, it will not turn its head to look at exquisite springs lying a little way off the track. One hears that America is in the act, to-day, of "discovering" Mr. Hudson, whose books have, with few exceptions, been "placed" with American publishers for over twenty years! It seems a little odd that no American critic should have proclaimed their merits before Mr. Galsworthy's lead, but perhaps his voice has been lost amid the cries of the market place? Let us hope the critics will discriminate between the three masterpieces named above and a fourth romance, "A Crystal Age," which is conspicuously inferior. Not that this latter story is not ingenious and original, and founded on a picturesque idea, but it has the central defect inherent in such Utopias, which are always builded of bricks hastily baked and of literary timber insufficiently seasoned. Human nature is too elastic and too infinitely various to be compressed for long, if at all, into such a framework as the House Beautiful and the Maternal Shrine provide. It is, at back, the social model of the Beehive with the solitary Queen mother enthroned in its centre that Mr. Hudson has adopted in an arbitrary and vivid fashion. "A Crystal Age" was not a little inspired by William Morris's æsthetic-socialistic movement of the period, with the beautiful mediæval trappings dear to the Morris-Burne-Jones school of art. The author was here engaged in an idea antithetic to his passion for nature untamed, free, ever changing, with her myriad forms of sentient life, challenging man's transitory achievements. But we need not labor to assail the House Beautiful: it has already passed into the limbo of all such imaginary systems. How far superior to "A Crystal Age" in character and art are the romances "The Purple Land," "Green Mansions," and the four short stories in "El Ombú"!

The latter spring from native roots thrusting deep in the Spanish-American soil. Only a writer who had been born and bred in

the atmosphere of the pampas could have reflected with such crystalline simplicity the passion, the grave melancholy, and the dignified grace of this Spanish-American people. The title story, "El Ombú," with old Nicandro's lament over the ruined house, where Donata and Valerio, Monica and Bruno in turn know the sorrow that is heavier than death, is a model of restrained pathos. And with what sureness does Hudson sway our hearts and command pity for even the tyrant Santos who waits in exile vainly for pardon for his crime, while his house, El Ombú, is falling to ruin. It is a story of bloodshed, of the sacrifice of sweet and humble natures to the demon of war, and (God knows!) it is the sad epitome that millions of European mourners to-day are sealing with their tears. The infinite depths of woe that the human heart can suffer, the triumph of the proud and wicked man over the good, this is graced with strokes, exquisitely strong and tender in scenes of strange fascination. Unique in atmosphere also are the three other stories in the volume, the "Story of a Piebald Horse," "Niño Diablo," "Marta Riquelme"—three masterpieces of narrative which mirror the landscape, the conditions of Gaucho life and the heart of the people. In point of spiritual flavor as well as of simplicity and breadth of style they stand by themselves in modern literature. Hudson's underlying note, deep passion melting into deep tenderness and mournful poignancy, is seen no less clearly in "Green Mansions," a forest romance of the virgin regions lying beyond the upper Orinoco. The American reader by now should know the story—how the hero, Abel, a gold-seeker, dwelling with a taciturn and crafty tribe of Indians, discovers Rima, the beautiful, wild child, the last member of a vanished high-caste native race; how he loves her and shares her life with the old trapper, Nuflo, till at last she meets a cruel death at the hands of the savage Runi and his tribe. "The romantic framework and plot," as I have said elsewhere, "are of importance only as being the artistic medium by which the author finds free utterance for those ethereally floating, mysterious sensations that the hero's heart and senses receive and absorb in contact with the wild life of the forest. In Abel's tender passion for the exquisite, capriciously sensitive Rima, Hud-

son has mingled his own most intimate and abiding joy in nature's everlasting beauty. In Rima's senselessly brutal death he has bodied forth humanity's shuddering terror at nature's dark woof of evil. An exquisite strain of man's spiritual perception of nature's glory gives place in Abel's mind, on Rima's death, to an animal ferocity of rage and to a moral insanity. In his furious revolt against life he draws Runi's hereditary foes to slaughter him and all his tribe. With the most penetrating skill the author draws out all the intricate skein of human passion, from the shrinking innocence of Rima's love to Abel's blood-lust of revenge, and illustrates each feeling in turn by fleeting, glancing visions of the unhuman life of nature in the pathless forest, a drama ever passing before Abel's watching eyes." The romance embodies, in fact, a profound spiritual analysis of the tragedy innate in the very structure of life, in the fibres of intellectual being. But the tragedy of "Green Mansions" is relieved by the play of fancy, of light and shade in the varied descriptions, and also by the passages of irony put into the mouth of old Nuflo, and addressed to the Creator.

I could wish for space, to discuss the original qualities of the no less remarkable romance "The Purple Land," a book which, in its variegated charm, in its gay and seductively soft love episodes, in its intimate pictures of family life in the Banda Oriental, in its scenes of battle, in its careless easy grace of manner and address, reveals the sunny freedom of the author's youth. But I have already, I fear, taken up too much of THE DIAL's space, and for this I apologize.

EDWARD GARNETT.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Professor Albert Schinz, head of the French department of Smith College, sends me a pamphlet entitled "The Renewal of French Thought on the Eve of the War," the gist of which is found in the phrases:

All at once, with practical unanimity, a whole generation, all that is young and strong and hopeful, rushes with enthusiasm into the new path,—the traditional Catholicism of France . . . the orthodox Catholicism of the priest, the Catholicism of the repenting sinner, the Catholicism of the France which had been honored by the title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

In the same post which brought me Professor Schinz's pamphlet came a package of books freshly printed at Paris under the auspices of the Comité Catholique de Propagande Française à l'Etranger, in which I found "La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme" (Paris: Bloud & Gay, 2 frs. 40) and "L'Allemagne et les Alliés devant la Conscience Chrétienne" (same publisher, 3 frs. 60). Facing the title-page of both these books is a list of names composing the Comité Catholique, made up of a dozen cardinals and Catholic bishops, followed by the names of some thirty laymen, most of them distinguished Frenchmen but all of them out of joint with the Republic, who at heart would prefer to see the present régime supplanted, if it were possible, by a monarchy of some sort. If you examine the contents of these volumes, you will find them full of noble patriotism and deep love of France, but you will discover almost no reference to the political life of the country, to the men who are ruling the nation, no mention of the Republic or of republicanism. If it were not for the "union sacrée," such volumes as these would have much to say about these men and these institutions, but in a spirit of attack and revilement. The hidden hatred is not dead. To-day you cannot frequent a French military hospital and talk with certain of the wounded, especially with some of the officers, without perceiving that this old malice is not even slumbering. The explanation of this unfortunate situation is to be found in the fact that the French Catholic church got on the wrong side of the struggle, which was long and uncertain, for the foundation of the Third Republic, and there it has ever since been and there it will be when the present conflict with Germany is ended. Even the most superficial student of French affairs, if he tries to see things as they really are and not as his preconceived religious desires would have them, will find that the ancient fight in France between ultramontanism and monarchy on the one hand and the spirit and beliefs of the French Revolution on the other, is as full of life and fire as ever; and there can be no doubt on which side the final victory will be. In fact, it is practically won already. Let me assure Professor Schinz that nobody in France with his eyes and mind open would agree with him when he says that "all that is young and strong and hopeful is rushing with enthusiasm into the traditional Catholicism." Far from it.

If we turn to "La Guerre Actuelle" (Paris: Payot, 3 frs. 50), by Professor Aulard, who fills with distinction at the Sorbonne the chair

of the French Revolution, we find full confirmation of what I have just said. Notwithstanding the restraint imposed by the "union sacrée," we notice such passages as this:

The religious question divides and impassions Frenchmen the most. By this I do not mean that the French like to descant on transubstantiation, the trinity, and the Sacred Heart. We care nothing about dogmas. It would provoke a smile if anybody in a conversation among friends should show an interest in these things. . . . Almost all the leaders of the Catholic church in France are conservative in politics and socialism. A Catholic republican is an exception. The Catholic church in France is the bond which binds together all the reactionary parties.

One of the results of this divorcing of the Catholic church and the Republic has been that, as the Radical Republican party grew until it dominated France, there was an increasing demand that the young priesthood be treated in military matters just like the laic youth; and this was done. So in the present war we see in the French army, and in the French army alone among all the belligerents, priests and abbés charging, shooting, and bayoneting just like the ordinary *poilu*, and in every hospital you meet the wounded or sick ecclesiastic. This side of the contest is attracting more and more attention from the general French public; and the publishers, who are a good barometer in these things, are issuing a larger and larger number of books treating of it. In fact, oddly enough, the Church, naturally proud of its brave soldier-priests, seems, in its enthusiasm, almost to approve of this forced violation on their part of the teachings of Christ. I shall touch on two or three of these books.

"Moine et Soldat" (Paris: Galbada, 50 centimes), with a preface by M. Henry Cochin, gives a series of letters written from the front by a young abbé, Sergeant Aimé Berthomier, who was in the thickest of the fight in Alsace-Lorraine, from the opening of the war until he met his death most gallantly in August 1915. These simple, pious letters, which show how this young priest had entered thoroughly, but against his will, into the new life so different from his chosen one, prepare the reader for a really remarkable book, which presents the priest on the firing-line in a most original and entertaining manner.

"Les Soutanes sous la Mitraille" (Paris: Gautier, 1 fr. 25), by Abbé René Gaëll, a priest attached to a military hospital as an orderly, has gone through over fifty editions and richly deserves its success. Abbé Duroy, a friend of the author, is a stretcher-bearer at the front, who sends him letters from time to time telling him what he and the other ecclesiastics are doing in the trenches and during the attacks. Both men write well,

especially Abbé Gaëll, who has a real gift for descriptive narration and often presents scenes with an effect worthy of a Maupassant, and, Abbé though he be, these scenes from the rough life of the common soldier are not always free from those *propos gaulois* which sometimes shock English and Americans in Maupassant. The only thing to criticize about this exceptional book is the bad paper on which it is printed.

Of course, it is not only the Catholic ecclesiastics whom the laws of France call to the colors; the same is true of those of all other denominations. Protestants, Jews, and Mohammedans are nobly and bravely doing their part, as any military hospital will show. But I have not chanced on a book which brings out this fact so well as does that of Abbé Gaëll for the Catholics. However, the "Mémoire de Roger Allier," privately printed by the stricken family of this rare young man, whom I saw develop from boyhood to the spring of manhood, largely meets the case. His father, Professor Raoul Allier, is, as I pointed out in THE DIAL a year ago, a distinguished Protestant clergyman and learned teacher in the Paris Theological Seminary; and, though this, his eldest son, born in 1890 and killed in the first month of the war under most atrocious circumstances, was destined for civil pursuits, he was a most active member of the Protestant church, as is revealed in many passages of these letters. But the book is interesting from several other points of view. It offers, almost in his own words, the history of the young life of a French boy of the best type, from his birth to the age of twenty-four, and possesses a charm and a value quite its own. It brings out painfully, too, the fearful loss that Europe is now undergoing in the holocaust of the élite of its youth, and it also largely explains why France has been making such a magnificent exhibition at the front. There are not in the trenches many French young men of the exceptional parts of Roger Allier, but there are some, and it is this superior group which gives the tone to the whole army. The elevated quality of Roger Allier's mind comes out in one of his letters written from Scotland when he was a boy of sixteen; he tells his mother that he is "enjoying immensely" Dr. Francis G. Peabody's "Afternoons in the College Chapel." The last message received from him, two days before his death, was a post card with these words traced on it: "All goes well"; and yet his real physical condition at the moment when he wrote these cheering words to his anxious parents is thus given in his general's dispatches: "Though gravely

wounded in both legs, Second Lieutenant Allier continued to encourage his men with the most remarkable energy."

The little introduction to "Moine et Soldat" mentioned a moment ago, represents but a small part of M. Henry Cochin's literary activity during the past few months. We have, for instance, his "Discours" (Nogent-le-Rotrou: Daupéley-Gouverneur, 25 centimes), or speech delivered before the French Historical Society, of which he was president, at its last annual meeting. It is a curious contribution to war literature. M. Cochin is an authority in France on the Italy of the Middle Ages, and in this speech he tells what the Italians of that time thought of the Germans. The picture is not a pleasant one; the whole thing seems to be summed up in the term *tedeschi lurchi*, on the etymology and signification of the last word of which phrase, M. Cochin dwells at considerable length. All of which offers another example—I have given several in this correspondence from month to month—of the extreme bitterness against Germany which this war has engendered in the scholarly élite of France, where perhaps never in the whole history of the country has the feeling been so intense. It may be well to keep this fact in mind in any study of the present political situation in Europe, as it is pretty sure to have a strong and perhaps decisive influence on the future peace negotiations.

Even M. Cochin's new edition of Dante's "Vita Nova" (Paris: Champion, 4 frs.) has not escaped this war scourge, though affected in quite another way. It was being printed when the storm burst and a few copies had been actually distributed. But the mobilization suspended the work of printers and binders, and it was only recently that the volume was really published. The second part of the introduction should be read in order to grasp the value of this translation and to learn the careful labor that has been bestowed upon it. Further details concerning the publication of this admirable volume are given in this extract from a letter which I have received from the author:

Abbeville, where was the printing-office, was invaded during the German onrush towards Paris, and M. Edouard Champion, the well-known and learned publisher, was called to the front as captain, where he was wounded and decorated; and it was from the trenches that he sent the order to print the book. Professor Vittorio Cian, of the University of Turin, presenting the volume to the readers of one of the leading Italian newspapers, gives his article this suggestive title: "Latin Serenity," and informs me in support of this assertion of our serenity in the midst of the storm, that, while my book was coming out in Paris, a new volume in the grand

edition of the "Works of Goldoni" was appearing at Venice. And in this same connection, I may add that at Vicence, an Italian city not less exposed to the enemy than is Venice, has just been brought out another volume of the great collection of Vicentian Documents; all of which goes to prove that the scholars of France as well as those of Italy continue to work on in calmness and with resolution. Of course important labors in the fields of history, philology and archæology have received a serious setback from the war, if for no other reason than because all of our young scholars are in the army, where many have been killed or wounded. Our distinguished savant, Mgr. Duchesne, director of our Archæological School at Rome, replied to a journalist who asked him the other day if it would not be better to spare these precious lives: "You may say what you like, but you would never get any of our young archæologists to become 'slackers.'" So there are left in our great special schools only the weak and deformed, as, for instance, at the School of Charters, where are to-day but thirteen students instead of 80 as is the case in normal times. All who can work are doing so, and all of us old men are also busy in our way. We hold that our first duty towards our country is to prepare a fine morrow when the day of victory comes, by keeping up the intellectual and scholarly side of life. Hence it is that our learned bodies, as, for example, the French Historical Society, the French Antiquarian Society, the Paris Historical Society, etc., continue to issue their publications. Also the learned reviews, like the "Revue Historique," the "Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes," etc., appear regularly.

Still another pamphlet by M. Henry Cochin calls for a word,—*"L'Œuvre des Eglises Dévastées,"* which explains the interesting work of a society that bears the same name as the title of this pamphlet and that seeks the restoration of the ruined chapels and churches in the war zone as the Germans retire. M. Cochin mentions two women—Mlle. Desvallières and Mlle. Reyre—who have shown remarkable talent in the decorative art side of the society's labor, another example of what I have touched upon more than once in this correspondence, namely, how much this war has done to advance the activities of women. In case any Americans may wish to aid this society in its work, its office, where copies of M. Cochin's pamphlet may be had, is 3 rue Oudinot, Paris.

The Comité Catholique, already mentioned, has issued several illustrated publications, which show by their pictures and explain by their texts the extent and character of the destruction of church property which M. Cochin's society would repair. These books, which are published by Bloud and Gay, Paris, are: *"La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme,"* two albums (1 fr. 20 each), edited by Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris; *"La Lourdes du Nord,"* (1 fr.), by René le Cholleux, being the account of the destruction of Notre Dame de Brebières, a modern church in the little

city of Albert, Picardy; *"Arras sous les Obus,"* (3 frs. 50), by Abbé Foulon, with a preface by the Bishop of Arras, containing one hundred varied illustrations showing how terribly this fine old city of Artois has suffered; and lastly, a collection of a dozen illustrated post cards (1 fr.), depicting many of the scenes of ruin given in the books just mentioned.

THEODORE STANTON.

January 26, 1917.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE DIAL prints on another page the reply of Dr. William E. Dodd, professor of American History at the University of Chicago, to an attack made upon him in the editorial columns of "Collier's Weekly," apropos of his review of a historical work published by P. F. Collier & Son. In charging Professor Dodd with advocating that history "should be a pamphlet, sparing the truth where it is inconvenient for the pamphleteer," the editorial writer lays his finger on the very fault against which Professor Dodd protested in his review of "Patriots and Statesmen." The whole point of Professor Dodd's argument was that the authors of that work had spared the truth where it was convenient for their purpose. After realizing that the editorial writer is incapable of understanding English, one is not surprised to learn that he has never heard of Professor Dodd or the group of realistic writers who are trying to substitute an intelligible reading of American history for the pious imposture on which he was brought up. If proof were required of the great need for the service which Professor Dodd and his colleagues are rendering, it could be found in the survival of the sort of mind that is seized with hysteria when it discovers, in a book review, that the Fathers were not pure idealists, bent on establishing democracy at any cost, but men with humanly mixed motives not above considering the effects of constitution making on their pocket-books. The rewriting of American history in the light of what we now know about the complex play of economic and social motives is certainly one of the most important tasks to which sincere and able men, eager to substitute thought for emotionalism in our national life, can address themselves. As editor of the "Riverside History of the United States" and author of a number of books on American history, which the editorial writer can find

listed in "Who's Who" if he has no more exhaustive reference works at hand, Professor Dodd's contribution has been distinguished. That he should be subjected to the attacks of bigotry and ignorance is, unhappily, the penalty he has to pay for defending unpopular truth. . . .

NATIONAL SERVICE IN ITS EFFECTS ON LITERATURE is a matter of present concern to both writers and publishers in England. One publisher, quoted by the London correspondent of the Boston "Transcript," expresses in frank and cheerful terms his uncertainty as to what is to become of him and his prosperous business in the near future. "I don't know how this National Service development is going to affect things," he confesses. "We have difficulties enough with the labor shortage already. But now, at all events, printers, binders, publishers, and the rest of us, can patch up our broken staffs with men over military age, and if these are to be taken away the production of books will become a really tough proposition. I am not much beyond fifty and may be called upon myself." But he hastens to add that he is not "grousing" about it. "I'm game to do what's necessary and chance it. It's easy enough to say you won't have a patched-up peace and will never allow the Germans to impose their own terms upon us so long as you are sitting comfortably at home and somebody else is doing all the fighting and suffering all the inconvenience of the war for you. This National Service stunt is going to prove how much we mean of that and whether we mean it enough to be ready to do our share towards winning the peace we want. If I have to go it will hit me pretty hard, but it has hit plenty of others before me. What's good enough for the rest of the nation is good enough for me. So I'm not worrying. Drop in a few weeks later and I may be able to tell you then what I shall be doing next spring. I may be busy with potatoes and turnips then instead of books. We shall see." Certainly there is good as well as evil in the grim necessity that is making impossible for so many the comfortable continuance of their safe and sheltered lives and the uninterrupted enjoyment of their regular incomes.

. . .

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRICKSINESS has been a commonplace ever since (and probably also before) the "wicked Bible" of 1631 enjoined upon mankind a most shocking positive command instead of a very salutary prohibition. Then there was the "vinegar Bible" of 1717,

which excited amusement by its heading to the twentieth chapter of Luke: "Parable of the Vinegar"—a sour memory to the unlucky printer, though no such fine was imposed upon him as upon his earlier fellow-craftsman for the omission of "not." That little slip is said to have cost the one responsible for it three hundred pounds. It must have been a kinsman of his that was responsible for "sin on more," instead of "sin no more," in the first English Bible printed in Ireland. Dr. Harry Lyman Koopman, in his recent volume, "The Booklover and His Books," quotes some amusing examples of typographical perversity. General Pillow on his return from Mexico was hailed by a Southern editor in grandiloquent language as the "battle-scarred veteran," to which the hero took exception and demanded an apology. The editor proceeded to retract the epithet on the following day, but in his printed apology the comparatively inoffensive adjective reappeared, to his horror, as "bottle-scarred." Perhaps the most diabolical achievement credited to the imp of the types is that which made a Vermont newspaper announce, in an obituary notice of a man who had originally come from Hull, in Massachusetts, that "the body was taken to Hell, where the rest of the family are buried."

. . .

THOUGH WORK IN LOCAL HISTORY has made great progress in this country within recent years, still much, very much, remains to be done in order to bring this department of knowledge up to the level which it attained long ago in the older nations of Europe. Mr. James Truslow Adams, who resides in one of the oldest towns of Long Island, offers, in "Memorials of Old Bridgehampton," a privately printed volume which is just out, a good example of how this local history work should be done. "It has meant a deal of labor," he says, referring to this book, in a private letter, "but it is one of those things which are worth doing once." In his preface, Mr. Adams further says: "In a local history, the details are usually of more interest than the general narration"; so we are not astonished that he has succeeded in packing into his pages much curious and little-known information often of more general interest than he seems to imagine. Thus, most of us will be surprised to learn that there were thirteen distinct Indian tribes on this one island which is only about a hundred miles long; that the towns were settled not from the Mother Country but from colonies already placed in the New; that the churches in

those early days, in the nation which later took the lead in the complete separation of Church and State, were "town churches, i. e., civil government churches"; that whaling, "which was one of the chief industries of Long Island, was tremendously checked by the gold rush to California in 1849," and that the "Cadmus," which brought Lafayette to America in 1824, was one of those many Sag Harbor whalers which later "went round the Horn" seeking Eldorado. Here and there an amusing note is mingled with this more serious information, as in the epitaphs—an odd place to look for fun—which Mr. Adams has copied from some of the crumbling tombstones in the town cemetery. These two, for instance:

Cook is no more, his soul has took its flight
From sin and darkness to celestial light.

See blooming Williams in the clay cold tomb.

. . .

BROKEN RHYTHM AND FAULTY RHYME, in verse manifestly intended to be the very opposite of "free," may offend more than the utmost freedom of professedly free verse. To the four magazines now striving to advance the cause of poetry in this country there has very recently been added a fifth, "The Ajax," edited and published by Mr. C. Victor Stahl at Alton, Illinois. Its "policy and purpose," as editorially announced, "will be to publish each month as much good verse and literary comment as is possible under mechanical limitations, and to combat the encroachment of free verse, which threatens to destroy the very life and being of poetic art in America." It lays emphasis on "the fundamental principles or elements of art, which are conception and execution." It quotes Mr. Max Eastman's censure of "free" verse as "lazy" verse. It holds up to derision a specimen of free verse from "Poetry." Thus the reader of "Ajax" is led to look for something approaching formal perfection in the verse accepted and printed by Mr. Stahl. But disappointment lies in wait on the very first page, where an unsigned poem of twenty lines (is it from the editor's pen?) violates the rules of both rhyme and rhythm. It is entitled "The Poet's Invocation," and begins thus:

Lo! multifold dreamers and schemers are we,
Building huge castles of things that ought to be,—
Out of sheer nothing grand fabrics we make,
Clad in the fire of frenzy in dreams unawake.

And now, just as we seem, with some difficulty and considerable jolting, to have got the beat, to have settled into the canter of this Pegasus, suddenly there comes a change and

the trisyllabic feet, four to the line, give place to the dissyllabic feet, five to the line. Presently, too, we meet our old acquaintance, Attila, disguised by a false accent—unless we prefer a painfully limping line—and before long our ear for rhyme is jarred by the following:

We tread the gardens of Semiramis,
We weave the Trojan legends while ye list.

This may recall to some the nursery jingle beginning:

Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy, and Bess
Went to the woods to find a bird's nest.

. . .

WHERE THE WRITTEN WORD IS APPRECIATED, just now, is made plain by a short communication from Mr. John Masefield to an admirer of his poetry who had written to express his admiration. The poet says, in a letter from the trenches in northern France: "The best service you could do me would be to write to me from time to time. My address will be: John Masefield, 2nd Lieutenant"—and then follow certain cabalistic symbols, "1 (d) G.H.Q. B.E.F.," with "France" at the end. "Believe me," the writer adds, "I shall always be glad to hear from you." No doubt a friendly and sympathetic word, bringing a whiff of the outside world to the entrenched fighter, whether he be poet or mechanic or farmer, is always welcome, even from an utter stranger. In fact, certain appeals for reading matter for the front lay emphasis on the eagerness with which a direct and personal word is read, in contrast with the less keen interest felt in the impersonal book or magazine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PARTISAN READING OF HISTORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The Editor of "Collier's Weekly" takes particular offence at my review of "Patriots and Statesmen," which appeared in a recent number of THE DIAL. Aside from the personal disparagement, which really has nothing to do with the matter, I should like to say a few words.

In the first place, P. F. Collier & Son are the publishers of the book which I was compelled to review somewhat disparagingly. It is not customary for publishers to reply to adverse reviews of their books. I have never known a good house to take the position of publisher and critic at the same time. The angry retort, therefore, of the Editor of "Collier's Weekly" is the reply of one crying his wares in the market place, and not the opinion of the judge and critic.

"Patriots and Statesmen" is a work in five volumes, which seeks, among other things, to capitalize the words of Washington, when he was worried

and embarrassed with great difficulties, on the subject of the militia. He said a great deal during the long years of the Revolution which any partisan of universal military service may now quote. That a partisan use was made of the opportunity is shown by the fact that Washington's words of praise for the militia, which were spoken later, and when he was himself, are all omitted from this book. This is the method of the militarist group in Washington, who are now putting out literature by the ton. In General Upton's so-called "Military Policy of the United States" this misrepresentation of Washington is carried to the limit. Mr. F. L. Huidekoper and General Wood commit the same offence in aggravated form. And the American Security League carries all this misinformation to teachers of history, begging them to use it to influence the minds of the boys and girls in our schools.

When the review of "Patriots and Statesmen" was under preparation, I was impressed with a feeling that Collier & Son were also endeavoring to support a partisan view; but I was not sure of it, and hence the fear was expressed that such a purpose was behind their series of pretty books. Since writing the review I have received proof in written form that at least one party to the publication is "hand and glove" with the above-mentioned militarist group.

Second. The review called attention to the one-sided treatment of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and now I am taken to task for supposed ignorance by one who seems to know nothing of the writings of John B. McMaster, Frederic J. Turner, and C. A. Beard; and not to be known to the Editor of "Collier's" is not to be known at all. An ex-president of the American Historical Association, who is within easy reach of "Collier's Weekly," once said to a group of scholars whose names would have no significance to the Editor that the Fathers had shrewdly put across the constitution against the wishes of nearly two-thirds of the people. Whether this remark be correct or not, it is certainly a fact that a majority of the people opposed the adoption of the instrument, and that the proponents of the measure resorted to tricks that would have done credit to the Honorable William Barnes himself.

Now, a scholar who knows the facts may not so much as refer to them in a review of a one-sided book without being decried as unhistorical. That was the Treitschke method. A thing is true simply because some hyperpatriotic journalist thinks it true. It would probably give the Editor of "Collier's" a patriotic fit if he were to read McMaster and Stone's "Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution," or Mr. C. A. Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution." Reading "Patriots and Statesmen" is much better; the book gives only one side of the story.

Finally, not to know more of Webster than the aforesaid Editor seems to know is pathetic. Here again I might call to witness some of the first historians of the country, but their names would be utterly unfamiliar and I desist. Why set a supposedly old man upon a course of high school

training? It is better to live and die *patriotic*, especially if patriotism pays.

I will, however, set down a few well-known facts which it might be well for people to recall when they put out new books on American history: Webster went to Congress a sectionalist, seeking sectional benefits; and every important vote he cast in that body for the fifteen years preceding the great debate in 1830 was given for sectional purposes. The Union was to him a good thing, to be sure; but what won his vote was the interests of his New England constituents. Hayne and Calhoun were in Congress as nationalists; they were scouted in their state for being nationalists. Their aim in bringing on Nullification was to prevent secession, not to hasten it. It had been the whole southern programme to be nationalist; their interests lay that way and they were themselves generally in control, which is always a mighty stimulant to nationalism. Thus New England and the South opposed each other till 1825.

Meanwhile Henry Clay had been in Congress for fifteen years as an avowed westerner, a bitter opponent of New England and a candidate for the presidency representing the West. But suddenly Jackson loomed up, stole the hearts of most westerners and became a candidate for the presidency. To beat Jackson, Clay and John Quincy Adams made a combination of New England, parts of the Middle States, and Clay's following in the West. This succeeded for the moment, but it was so unpopular that it ruined both Clay and Adams as future presidential aspirants.

When Jackson finally won, it was by a combination of the South and the West, of Jackson, Cass, Benton, Poindexter (of Mississippi), Crawford (of Georgia), Calhoun, Hayne, and the Virginia and Pennsylvania politicians. This combination embittered Webster and the New Englanders in just the same way that the recent combination of South and West embitters the people who live along the eastern shores of the Hudson River. The one thing the West of 1830 demanded above everything else was free homesteads—"free lands," as Benton put it. To prevent the realization of that end, Foot of Connecticut offered a bill which proposed to close all land-offices and stop the sale of public lands. And, of course, no lands were to be given away. The bill tried the southern leaders sorely, for they opposed free lands; but they had agreed to help the West win its great objective on condition that the West aid them in defeating the protective tariff. Hayne spoke against Foot's scheme, thus keeping faith with Benton, who was the father of most western land measures. Benton was satisfied. The South and West would go on together, defeat the Foot bill, and then reduce the tariff.

It was at this time that Webster, a recent convert to the protective tariff (his constituents having changed their position to his great embarrassment), rose to attack Hayne. His object was to break the southern-western alliance; and to do so, he talked Union and Nation—the West being more Unionist and nationalist than the South, and far more Unionist and nationalist than New England

or Webster had ever been. He "rang the changes" on nationalism till South Carolina nationalists were afraid he might break their combination. And it was on this nationalist theory that Jackson acted a little later when he called a halt in South Carolina, although he closed his eyes at the same time to Nullification in Georgia. But the great problem then before Webster was the land question, and the land question spelled ruin for New England, whose population was running off to the West in preference to staying at home and working in factories from "sun to sun" for seventy-five cents a day.

Now this important subject the Editor of "Collier's Weekly" treats as a real estate matter. Real estate! It was the growth of the West which Webster feared; and the continued combination of South and West would not only ruin New England politically, it would break down the tariff as well. If "Patriots and Statesmen" had given Benton's speech on the public land question and Foot's resolutions against selling any more land, and then added Webster's and Hayne's orations, the reader would have got some inkling of "what it was all about." That is just what was not desired. Perhaps those who got up this work did not know the literature of the subject, just as the Editor of "Collier's" seems to be wholly innocent of real information about the whole matter.

As a reviewer of books in the field of history, I shall continue gently, on occasion, to call attention to matters of this kind, hoping, however, that I may escape burning at the stake at the hands of "patriots and statesmen" who live in New York.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

Chicago, January 30, 1917.

THE LATE E. A. ABBEY, R.A.
(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Having been invited by Mrs. Abbey to write a memoir of the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., may I ask such of your readers as have letters from that artist, and are willing to lend them for possible publication, to send them to me at Chelsea Lodge, 42 Tite Street, London, S. W., where they will be carefully handled, copied, and quickly returned. I am,

Yours faithfully,

E. V. LUCAS.

London, England, January 6, 1917.

MR. JOHN COWPER POWYS.
(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In a recent number of THE DIAL, Mr. Israel Solon reviews Mr. John Cowper Powys's latest book, "Suspended Judgments," in the most unwarranted and unjust manner possible. Indeed, the whole article is a deliberate misinterpretation and false presentation of facts as they stand written.

To begin with Mr. Solon's first quotation: "Except for 'Candide' and a few excerpts from the 'Philosophical Dictionary,' I must confess I have no wish to turn over another page of Voltaire. It is simply incredible to me that human beings possessed of the same senses as ours could find satisfaction in the sterile moralising, stilted

sentiment, superficial wit and tiresome persiflage of that generation."

As it is quoted there, this opinion of Mr. Powys's lends itself admirably to Mr. Solon's purpose; if, however, Mr. Solon had taken the trouble to read a little further, he would have seen the following significant sentence: "I suppose they didn't really. I suppose they used to go off on the sly and read Rabelais and Villon." That this omission alters the entire meaning of the criticism made by Mr. Powys is evident to a man of no huge intellect. I, therefore, conclude that the omission was a wilful one. As a contradiction to this statement, Mr. Solon quotes: "How admirable to turn back to Voltaire after the fussy self-love and neurotic introspection of our modern intellectuals." Mr. Solon evidently misunderstood the meaning of the words "turn back." The author implies that, after a dose of our moderns, there is no greater joy than coming back to those loved pages of "Candide" and the "Philosophical Dictionary."

The second example your critic gives is too flagrantly erroneous to bear quotation. It will suffice to say that Mr. Powys states that he will never turn over the pages of Byron's "Poetical Works"; but—here is what Mr. Solon for his *bon plaisir* misinterprets—he can imagine what would be the sensations experienced by a mind quite new and fresh to the "resounding grandeur" of Byron, at the sudden discovery of the "Hebrew Melodies."

And finally, in Mr. Powys's declaration of his doctrine, your contributor has erred either as blunderingly or as intentionally as before.

Mr. Powys simply says that the poetic temperament is not the same as that of the artist, although it partakes unconsciously of certain of the artist's qualities. Poetry is then the greatest of all arts, and the poet is the greatest of all artists because the art in poetry is unconscious. Yes, the intellect is there, watching, registering, what you will—but the artist has not at the time the knowledge thereof. Mr. Powys's meaning is as clear as daylight to any but the most biased and clouded of intellects.

I do not know Mr. Powys personally; this letter is the protest of a reader of "Suspended Judgments," who has the interests of intelligent and thorough criticism at heart. Granted that at times Mr. Powys is hysterical, we owe him none the less a great and lasting debt. The Protestant Puritanism and Philistinism rampant among us in America have never found a more fearless and eloquent enemy than Mr. Powys. Besides, had Mr. Solon studied literature extensively, he would know that genius and charlatanism are very closely related. No man has stood up for culture and beauty and intelligent criticism more than Mr. Powys; it is unfortunate that he should be subjected to the sort of criticism he received at Mr. Solon's hands.

I am not one of the many hysterical bluestockings that Mr. Powys has in his following; I pride myself upon appreciation of good criticism. That is why Mr. Solon's article was to me so inexpressibly boring, futile, and tedious.

JACQUES SCHUMAN LE CLERCQ.

Haverford College, January 29, 1917.

"THE GOOD OLD WAYS."

PENCRAFT. By William Watson. (John Lane Co.; \$1.)

Whenever an author writes about style his own style is likely to suffer—from Pater down, or from Raleigh up. And whenever he puts a large apparatus in motion to work off a few small grudges the literary sky becomes clouded indeed. Thus it is with William Watson in "Pencraft," a set piece which goes off with a little too much of hitch, sputter, and smoke. But before dwelling on the hand that launched its thousand squibs, let us attend to the construction of the fire-work itself.

Mr. Watson chooses to distribute literature among three categories, which he calls the cantative, the scriptive, and the loquitive. The first of these he declines as above his powers—it is too mysterious and transcendental. The third he banishes as beneath them—it is too chatty and informal. The second—the scriptive—he handles as if it were dominantly a matter of poetry, almost giving prose composition the go-by. His book thus comes near to being but one particular man's "shop"—and a somewhat disgruntled man, at that. By its very subtitle it is "a plea for the older ways"; and by constant implication, and even by direct assertion, his face is dead set against the new and the free.

However, within such narrowed bounds, Mr. Watson, despite certain infirmities of temper and certain shortcomings of expression, is well worth attending to. The "scriptive"—the consciously written—is made to take in most of both Keats and Shelley, and it gives a welcome to rhetoric as well as to poetry. Though Mr. Pádraic Colum has lately been at pains to explain the difference between poetry and oratory,—the first aiming at intensity and the second at exaltation, the latter being "heard" and the former "overheard,"—Mr. Watson indulges no disposition to second these labors. Mr. Colum would classify Pope and Byron among the orators. Mr. Watson, declining to define the exact bounds of poetry and rhetoric (the life-breath of oratory), would find room for both of them among the poets, to say nothing of the major prophets and the "royal psalmist" David, all of whom bring the two arts into close association. The men against whom he turns a stony face are Blake, with his "glorified nursery babble," and Browning, whose "Andrea del Sarto" countenances such stultifications and infantilities:

A rose-grower does not send to a rose-show a poor starved imperfect rose, a pathetic piece of arrested

development, and expect it to carry off the prizes because it was grown in an unfavourable soil and climate and is a horticultural triumph relatively to those adverse conditions. The rose is judged with sole regard to its absolutely accomplished beauty as a rose. . . . By the like criteria must a poet's final place be fixed; and tried by these tests, which seem to me the eternal ones, I find Blake wanting, while Pope emerges from the ordeal, not indeed a poet of very deep tones or very wide gamut, but an almost miraculous performer upon a rigorously limited instrument, which obeys him with infallible precision, and seems delighted to be his slave.

Thus Mr. Watson takes his stand for the "well-made" poem, which occupies a satisfactory middle ground between what he calls the "overmade" and the "undermade." Among the "overmade" poets he puts Rossetti, and perhaps would include Swinburne, if that gaseous artist could be given sufficient solidity to hold a hard-and-fast verdict. Among Americans of the same general class he names Poe and, *a fortiori*, Chivers. Among the "undermade" he places, conspicuously, Byron; among poets specifically American, Lowell and Bryant. The ideal poem is one that is "made enough"—one which "owes its authentic excellence in great measure . . . to a moral root and basis—the wholly honourable passion of the workman for levying upon his own spirit the utmost toil it can bear without impoverishment, and for doing as well as nature and circumstance permit him whatsoever thing he strives to do at all." For "art is not morals, in which the will may sometimes count for more than the deed. . . . Nor is it religion, in which even faith without works may perhaps be allowed some measure of spiritual efficacy. Works impassioned by faith, irradiated by truth, but above all, consummated by power, are its only stepping-stones to salvation."

Mr. Watson thus ranges himself among the conservatives. He wants the good old approved craftsmanship, and the established and consecrated morality; he desires no spiritual adventurings into the limbo of the "violent and erratic." He is naturally severe on current American verse: "when it was more English in texture and mode than it is at present its level of performance was incomparably higher." Recent changes have "certainly coincided with a marked decline in literary prestige and power." The taste satisfied by our "homegrown verse" is "not severe." The best characteristic of this verse in "an uncouth sincerity." What there is of "abler, choicer, more distinguished work" is apt to be "less ingenuous."

It is sad to see an elderly man vanishing into the penumbra of unhappiness. America's most vigorous school of verse is likely, for

some years at least, to block out its poetics in rather rough-hewn fashion and to defer for a while the application of conscious finish. At some stage of that process a happy blend of strength and polish may be attained. Then imitative procedure and academic finish will again supervene. Then Rough Vigor will once more come to the poet's "salvation." Thus the pendulum swings: from the over-socialized (or classic) to the over-individualized (or romantic), and back, and forth, and back again: — a law (both literary and social) the workings of which should have come, by this time, to be pretty well understood.

HENRY B. FULLER.

A PHILOSOPHY EMBATTLED.

THE DEEPER CAUSES OF THE WAR. By Emile Hovelague. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.)

AMERICA'S RELATIONS TO THE GREAT WAR. By J. W. Burgess. (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.)

LE PLAN PANGERMANISTE DÉMASQUÉ. By A. Chéradame. (Plon; 4 fr.)

DEMOCRACY AND PEACE. By James Bissett Platt. (Richard G. Badger; \$1.)

L'AVEU. By Lieutenant Louis Madelin. (Plon; 1 fr. 50.)

LA GUERRE INFERNALE. By Gustave Dupin. (Jeheber; 3 fr. 50.)

LA SUPPRESSION DES ARMÉNIENS. By René Pinon. (Perrin; 1 fr.)

THE WAR AND HUMANITY. By James M. Beck. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.)

POLAND'S CASE FOR INDEPENDENCE. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.)

EUROPEAN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By J. A. Murray Macdonald. (T. Fisher Unwin; 2s. 6d.)

POLITICAL FRONTIERS. By Sir Thomas Holdich. (Macmillan Co.; \$3.)

It seems not unlikely that in the literature of this war the future historian will find a tragic euthanasia. It pours forth with an abundance which shows no sign of cessation. M. Hovelague restates its philosophic basis not, indeed, with either profundity or completeness, but with a clarity that is not without its charm. Professor Burgess pursues his rôle of indignant dissatisfaction with the American attitude; and he continues to make havoc of history and public right that he may somehow construct a case. M. Chéradame has written a forcible study of the broad outlines of the German plan of conquest, which is useful for its vigorous handling of the geographical issues involved. Professor Platt's little volume is one of the typical reveries this war seems destined to produce without number; it is as true as it is obvious, and so obvious, for the most part, as to be

hardly worthy of publication. M. Madelin gives us some interesting documents taken from German soldiers who fought at Verdun which throw a vivid light on the objective of that tremendous failure. M. Pinon has written with biting irony of the Armenian massacres. Mr. Beck proceeds in characteristic swashbuckling style to display his jovial and boisterous faculty of whole-hearted hate and uncritical admiration. The volume on Poland is a brilliant statement not merely of national achievement but of the main issues involved in what is, in some sort, the most tragical of historic destinies. Mr. Macdonald states simply and clearly the principles which should underlie the European reconstruction. Sir Thomas Holdich's volume derives a special value not only from the fact that he is the foremost practical authority upon his subject, but also because it brings home to us, in realistic fashion, the task which will face those who refashion the map of Europe. His book is easily the best discussion of its subject that exists in the English language. I can only hope that in a second edition it will be given the illustrative maps it so badly needs.

What all these books make tragically clear is the simple and vital fact that it is against a philosophy that the allied powers are contending. Each age and each people seems guided in its destinies by a conception of some good superior to that which it has achieved. What is the ideal which has actuated Germany in the last half-century? Her philosophers significantly ceased to proclaim the inviolability of law. They no longer taught us that personality, whether human or national, is of itself worthy of respect. They did not insist on the worth of human fellowship. They did not emphasize the part that coöperation may play in the conquest of pain. Not that the Germany of the nineteenth century ceased to employ a categorical imperative. On the contrary, tutored by Fichte and Hegel, it did not shrink from proclaiming that the national soul must be true to herself. It insisted on her pursuit of all that might add to the richness of her experience. It demanded her right to that material permanence of form in which alone the spirit can adequately flourish. It etherialized the principles of Machiavelli, and erected them into an ethical system. Hegel gave to them a philosophic, and Treitschke a quasi-historical, justification. That they might prosper and grow strong, they were nourished by Bismarck on blood and iron. But the appetite grows by that on which it feeds. Strength turned to domination; the giant sought abroad for his victims. Exulting in his

capacity for achievement, he called for sacrifice to his lust for power. Slowly and cautiously and of set purpose he fashioned the weapons of his desire. Science and art and education became the handmaidens of his theories. They were bent to the service of his will. He felt within himself the quality of leadership which demands conquest that his strength may not waste nor grow old with the lapse of time. His ambition was fostered by the prospect of an easy victory. His bow was the bow of Ulysses, which none save he could bend. Nor did he fail to clothe his purpose in the specious phrases of moral endeavor. He was, so he told himself, the minister of civilization. There was no science in which his subjects did not labor to magnificent achievement. Music no less than commerce, art, the drama, theology—all these they had made their own. Mystically, perhaps, yet none the less certainly, the giant felt the call to action. A world that he did not dominate was a mean and ignoble thing. A world which thought differently from himself was on the road that led to political and philosophic damnation. He must save it from itself, that the greatness of his *Weltanschauung* might be made manifest. It was, of course, a stupid world. It would not surrender its right to think and to hope in its old and fitful fashion. It rioted in an antiquated individualism. It was torn by meagre scruples. It aimed at preventing that which was destined to save it. By war alone could it be made to perceive its errors. Terrible, indeed, it was that such a medicine should be the path of tutorship. But the world is a blind world; and only the roar of cannon can shock it into sight.

It was a world that seemed consciously to have erected barriers in the road of German achievement. Slowly, indeed, but with a grim certainty it was fastening upon the necks of men the ideal of public right. Slowly, again, but with an equal certainty it was compelling men to recognize the sanctity of international obligation. In Belgium and in Switzerland it had created buffer states for no other purpose than to make difficult the ideas underlying the ambition of German development. It was a world preaching almost with the fulness of genuine conviction the right of any nation, however small or feeble, to work out in its own way whatever destiny it could accomplish. It was a world which seemed unwilling to recognize the priority of German achievement. It spoke of what France had done, England, Italy, in the record of human progress. Wherever Germany turned, foes seemed to confront her. The giant could not under-

stand that the rattling of his scabbard produced no trembling. He was compelled to don his armor lest the virtues of which he was the appointed guardian might come to be branded as sin. That which he desired, he knew it was his mission to take. Once success had proclaimed his virtues, he knew that a world which frowned now at his swash-buckling would crown his brows with the laurel of a merited homage. He would teach them the manliness of a savagery which philosophy had erected into a system. He would fling the defiance of conscious supremacy in the face of pigmies who had slept and played while he toiled and grew weary in the preparation for this hour. He would bestride Europe like a colossus; and when victory came, he would proclaim the splendor of hardness in the ruthless vigor of his conquest.

So did ideal right take might unto itself, in order that it might cease to be merely ideal. Never in the whole process of history has a nation so consciously wedded itself to the lust for power. *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* has been an ambition written into the practical terms of territorial acquisition. But what Germany failed tragically to understand is the hold that freedom has taken upon the heart of Europe. There is no compensation for servitude. Efficiency, order, comfort—these are no more than instruments to be handled when the spiritual penumbra of life has been given the substance of attainment. The gifts Germany could bring were great gifts; but to accept them upon her terms was to choose stagnation and sloth. Her veins might thrill with the ardor of her nationalism; but the blood of Europe must not be tapped that she might assist in the swelling. To a belief in the philosophy of anæmia, in fact, she could not persuade her neighbors. And where she had failed to convince, she drew her sword that she might slay.

As she had calculated, she found a Europe that was hardly prepared for her onslaught. As she had calculated, her legions could hack their way to the very gate of their destined heaven. But yet that Europe which she had deemed old and tired awoke to the fresh buoyancy of youth when it found that it was fighting once more the ancient battle of liberty. The war became a crusade; and the young men died gladly that they might become the trustees of a later freedom. And the more desperate became the issue, the more sternly, even the more proudly, did they advance to the conflict. The philosophy which was to proclaim its strength began to vaunt itself on its meekness. The eagle which was

to peek at the liver of Promethean Europe turned to batten on a starved but courageous Belgium.

Nowhere has been more clearly envisaged the error of German statecraft than in its occupation of Belgium. It admitted its wrong and made a virtue of its treason. For the public opinion of humanity it seemed to care nothing. Of a whole country it made a desert that it might proclaim the *Pax Germanica*. History records no annals more terrible than the German treatment of Belgium. It was consciously planned and consciously executed. There is no crime of which the most diseased imagination can conceive, of which the conquerors were not guilty. They murdered men and women and children with a deliberate and ruthless impartiality. They laid waste with a brutal joy in desolation to which the annals of modern civilization bear no parallel. They exacted tribute with an insolent cruelty which, to the last day of German history, will be remembered with shame. They vaunted proudly of their achievement before a people whose only sin had been that they cherished their honor and their public virtue. They attempted the calculated destruction of a national existence. They forced the sons of their enemy to fight against their fatherland. They made outrage a daily necessity, and of mercy the rarest of luxuries. That Belgium was writing with her blood and tears the epitaph of this philosophy, Germany seems in no wise to have understood. That her brutal severity must be the measure of her condemnation seems never to have penetrated into her consciousness. Yet nations, like men, are pursued by those Furies who, in the process of time, compel the soul to attempt its sorrowful purgation.

In a real sense it is by Belgium that European liberty has been saved; and there is something of supreme irony in this contrast of the protagonists in those early days of that mighty drama. In the new Europe that is dawning it is no less certain that the glory of Belgium will be remembered than that, for Germany's own sake, the occasion of reparation will be offered. The forces of liberty have maintained an unbroken front in this contest. The effort has been long and it has been difficult; but in the mind of man there has been vivid memory of the splendor of the goal. The page that is now being written in the history of human freedom is fundamental in its importance and its uniqueness. The youth of Europe have sacrificed spontaneously their manhood that in their death the ideal of right may conquer. The free-will offerings of free peoples have been a buckler and sword to

humanity. The principles that have been sustained are those upon which the happiness of men most greatly depends. That they have been maintained with such passion and such determination is surely the proof of their necessity in a world which cares most deeply for the richness of a free inheritance.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A FLOOD OF FOREIGN DRAMA. II.

THE TIDINGS BROUGHT TO MARY: A Mystery. By Paul Claudel. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. (Yale University Press; \$1.50.)

THE CLOISTER. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Osman Edwards. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; 75 cts.)

DEATH AND THE FOOL. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Translated by Elisabeth Walter. (Richard G. Badger; 75 cts.)

MADONNA DIANORA. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Translated by Harriet Betty Boas. (Richard G. Badger; 75 cts.)

PLAYS. By August Strindberg. Fourth Series. Translated with an introduction by Edwin Björkman. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.)

PLAYS. By Anton Tebekoff. Second Series. Translated with an introduction by Julius West. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.)

WAR. By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.)

THE HONEYSUCKLE. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Cecile Sartoris and Gabrielle Enthoven. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.25.)

A NEW DRAMA. By Manuel Tamayo y Baus. Translated by John Driscoll Fitz-Gerald and Thacher Howland Guild. With an introduction by John Driscoll Fitz-Gerald. (Hispanic Society of America; \$1.75.)

Paul Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary" is not a "mystery" in the old sense, that is, a play based upon a Bible story, and the appropriateness of the sub-title is not quite clear. It is probably meant to suggest that the tone of the play is mystically religious, and that the central event is a miracle wrought by goodness. Imagine a Maeterlinck symbolical play dealing with country folk of the middle ages, and written (or at least translated) in a sort of refined Whitmanesque style, and you will have a fairly good notion of Claudel's "mystery." Whatever be the merits of free verse, most of its champions would concede, I think, that it is not a good medium for drama; it is essentially and primarily lyrical. "The Tidings Brought to Mary" contains some lyric verse good of its kind, but as a play it is a failure. The characters are not clearly conceived or firmly drawn; they are merely the mouthpieces of M. Claudel's vague mysticism. The plot is only a thread to string the speeches on.

It is instructive to compare this rhapsodical expression of mood with a really great play on a religious subject—Verhaeren's "The Cloister." Emile Verhaeren, whose recent death is perhaps the greatest loss which literature has sustained during the past year, is just beginning to be known as he deserves to be in America. Besides this play, two volumes of his poems and a very good study by Stefan Zweig are available in translation. He ought to be as widely known as Maeterlinck, to whom he is in some ways a most refreshing contrast. In "The Cloister" we find a well-developed plot, which holds our close attention to the end; strong characters sharply distinguished; and a poetic style brilliant, eloquent, and tellingly compact. Instead of romantic obscurantism, as in Maeterlinck or Claudel, we find the passionate mysticism of genuine religion in the burning words of Dom Balthazar:

He is most God, when comprehended least.

God is more high than human sages dream;
He is too vast, too deep, too infinite
For man to sound His depth, or scale His height;
And only in some ecstasy apart
Of loving sacrifice and joy supreme
A Saint has, once or twice, attained His heart!

And we find beside it, sharply contrasted with it, two other types of religion; the gentle otherworldliness of Dom Mark, and the intellectualized creed of Dom Thomas, Balthazar's enemy and rival for the Priorship. Speaking of Bonaventura and St. Thomas Aquinas, Thomas exclaims:

Yet these were saints, no less than those you claim.
Saints! on whose brows the apostolic flame
Shone like a sword of God with ray serene;
Their hearts in darkling thought had caught the keen
Essential spark, from which the soul takes fire;
Their faith took reason for a cloth of gold,
And broided there great lilies fair,
Doctrines sublime and bold,—
Leaving to feeble hearts the dull desire
Of customary prayer.

Balthazar is a nobleman who, in his wild youth having quarrelled with his father and slain him, has become a monk. Remorse for his crime tortures him and at the same time intensifies his religious ardor. At last it drives him to public confession, and gives to his acute and strong-willed rival Thomas the certainty of triumph. The play is remarkable in that the list of characters includes not a single woman; but the love motive is not needed or missed in a story which pictures so powerfully the great passions of remorse, ambition, and spiritual aspiration. As the quotations will indicate, the translation by Mr. Osman Edwards reads like original English poetry, and poetry of no mean rank.

Two one-act pieces by the Austrian poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal have appeared in Badger's "Contemporary Dramatists Series." As drama, neither of them is important. Hofmannsthal is a lyric poet who has chosen to use the dramatic form. His ideal of drama may be described in his own words: "We want no invention of narrative, but the reproduction of emotions . . . not amusement, but impression." Browning's "In a Balcony," which he did not call a play, is far more dramatic than either of these poems; but nowadays anything in dialogue will pass as drama. "Death and the Fool" is a sort of morality on the text, "Let us experience life keenly, for to-morrow we die." It is practically destitute of dramatic interest. "Madonna Dianora" represents a young wife surprised by her husband while waiting for her lover. Its poetic merit is considerable, and consummate acting might make it effective on the stage. "Death and the Fool" is rendered into passable English verse; "Madonna Dianora" into verse at times very good.

A fourth volume has appeared in Scribner's collected edition of Strindberg's plays; needless to say, the translation by Mr. Edwin Björkman is admirable. The first two plays in the group, "The Bridal Crown" and "The Spook Sonata," illustrate the more fanciful side of Strindberg's genius. "The Bridal Crown" is full of Swedish folk-lore; among its persons are apparitions and mythical figures like the Neck (the Teutonic *Neckan*). The play is a tragedy of peasant life against a background of folk-lore. "The Spook Sonata" is an extravaganza of pessimism; it has the vividness of a nightmare. "The First Warning" is a rather sardonic but not ill-tempered one-act comedy, in which a wife through jealousy rediscovers her love of her husband. "Gustavus Vasa," the strongest play in the volume, is a historical drama of extraordinary quality. Perhaps the nearest analogue in English is Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Like the Shaw play, "Gustavus Vasa" is thoroughly modern in tone; much of the dialogue might occur in a play of contemporary life. Thus Prince Eric, summoned by his father from the tavern where he sits with a boon companion, says to his brother, the messenger: "Be quick and brief, Jöns, or sit down and use a beaker as punctuation mark. The sum of it is, the old man wants me to come home and go to bed. Reply: the Heir Apparent decides for himself when he is to sleep." There is something to be said for this method of writing historical plays; at least it is alive. A large number of characters are drawn with remarkable vigor and reality.

The handling of plot is unusual; the king does not appear till Act III, and the first two acts are concerned with his enemies; the reader thus has to transfer his sympathies in the middle of the play. At the end the king is saved by the unexpected help of the party whose leaders he has executed; and for this there is no preparation. In spite of these perversities of technique, the play holds the close attention of the reader, and has been very popular on the stage. Genius like Strindberg's must pay the penalties of waywardness, but it is not bankrupted by the payment. The philosophy of the plays may be suggested by a quotation from "The Spook Sonata": "They say that Jesus Christ descended into hell. It refers merely to his wanderings on this earth—his descent into that madhouse, that jail, that morgue, the earth." Yet Strindberg's pessimism is partly redeemed by a sort of bitter common sense, and is tempered by an ironic humor which recalls Heine's, though it is heavier and less delicate.

Uniform in binding with the Strindberg series is Scribner's edition of the plays of Tehekoﬀ, of which the second volume is before us. It contains two long plays, "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard," and six short ones. Of the longer plays the chief characteristics are that nothing happens in them, and that the characters are exasperatingly dull. The praise that has been lavished by English-speaking critics on "The Cherry Orchard" is, one is tempted to believe, pure affectation. If a duller play has been produced by anybody, I have been fortunate enough to miss it; unless, indeed, "The Three Sisters" should be pronounced duller. The latter is described by the translator as follows: "The three sisters have only one desire in the world, to go to Moscow and live there. There is no reason on earth, economic, sentimental, or other, why they should not pack their bags and take the next train to Moscow. But they will not do it. They can not do it." And they do not do it. This is the whole story. The one-act pieces are farcical comedies, a good deal more readable than the long plays. In general character they recall the more farcical of the Irish one-act plays, such as Seumas O'Brien's, and some of Lady Gregory's. The best ones are "The Proposal" and "The Bear."

Artzibashef's "War" furnishes an interesting example of the sobering effect of the war upon a literary extremist. It is amusing to see the author of "Sanine" turning out a play which almost any serious-minded and conventional young dramatist might have written. The sorrows of war are brought

home to a Russian family by the loss of a son and the crippling of a son-in-law. I cannot refrain from quoting a stage direction which seems to describe and typify a good deal of Russian drama: "All get up and make hurried motions, not knowing what to do."

D'Annunzio's "The Honeysuckle" is a tragedy with a modern setting, on the theme of the "Electra"—a daughter's vengeance on the murderer of her father, who has married her mother. The author attempts to add something to the horror of the theme by making the Ægisthus (Pierre Dagon) also the seducer of his stepson's wife (Helissent). The main action deals with the struggle between Pierre Dagon and Helissent on one side, and Aude, an Electra all nerves, on the other. The appeal of the play, indeed, is to the nerves rather than to the mind or spirit; and to make this appeal more effective, the author has resorted to the dangerous device of putting his exposition almost at the end. We do not know until the last act just what is the cause of Aude's high-wrought nervous condition; the dramatist exerts considerable ingenuity to keep her from telling us in the course of the dialogue. By keeping the horror veiled, he wishes to heighten our sense of it; but in fact he merely makes us skeptical of its existence, and annoyed at being asked to accept a neurasthenic patient as a heroine. Over this as over so much of D'Annunzio's work, there gleams a phosphorescent light of decay.

It is pleasant to end with the discussion of a more robust piece of work. Perhaps the best play about Shakespeare ever written, certainly the best I know, is "A New Drama," by the great playwright of nineteenth century Spain, Tamayo y Baus. It is true that this is a rather Latin Shakespeare, somewhat more rhetorical and demonstrative than an English Shakespeare would be; nevertheless, he is a noble figure, giving an impression of great reserve power under perfect control. The other leading characters are actors in Shakespeare's company. Yorick, the great comedian, has an adopted son, Edmund, who has fallen in love with Yorick's young wife, Alice. In playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet, they have acknowledged their love to each other; but they have struggled against it, and it has remained innocent. Only Shakespeare and Walton, the tragedian, are aware of the situation; but Walton, an embittered cynic, puts the worst construction upon it. The plot is remarkable for the skilful use of the "play within the play." Yorick has persuaded

Shakespeare to give him the leading rôle (the jealous husband) in a new drama by a young author. The situation of the husband in the play is Yorick's own; the parts of the young wife and her lover are to be played by Alice and Edmund. Walton, who is professionally jealous of Yorick and has expected the leading rôle for himself, manages on the first night to confirm Yorick's already roused suspicions; and the stage tragedy merges into the real one. Walton, who has violated his promise to Shakespeare, pays the penalty with his life. Shakespeare's final speech, explaining to the audience the interruption in the "new drama," is superb in its irony. The translation is by Dr. J. D. Fitz-Gerald and the late Professor T. H. Guild of the University of Illinois, whose untimely death was a serious loss to the cause of American drama. It is a pity that the play could not have been published under a more attractive English title, and that the cover gives it rather the appearance of a learned work. It well deserves to be popular wherever Shakespeare is known and loved.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

THE FEMINISM OF MR. GEORGE.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN. By W. L. George. (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.)

Mr. George's study of the feminine mind wears an air of careful documentation: it fairly bristles with the numbered "case." He clearly wishes you to understand that it is not the casual production of a novelist who sweeps up the chips of his workshop and hands them on for what they may be worth. Nothing could more convincingly show the triumph of the scientific spirit in our time; for Mr. George is a man of letters, and men of letters from Solomon to Nietzsche have ranged in that field with a quite exhilarating irresponsibility.

Mr. George is himself a feminist of the thoroughgoing sort, sympathetic with change, and absolutely unwilling to erect a priori barriers to the expansion at which the woman movement aims. You see at once that he is prepared for a great many things, including the abolition of marriage in favor of free unions on the basis of a new idealism, so that the violent ferment he sees everywhere at work leaves him quite untroubled. In granting woman a free hand to make what she will of herself, he stops just short of being ready to sacrifice her essential charm (for man), but, as Faguet pointed out long ago, there is a dash of the Don Juan in the most advanced

men with which women will still have to reckon.

So long as he is sketching a programme for the advance, Mr. George's ink flows very smoothly; it is when he attacks the realistic problem of fitting his numbered cases into the pattern of the future that serious difficulties arise. There is a note of hesitation. If Mr. George's mind is free from confusion, he has not convinced us of the fact. We observe that he is a partisan who insists on acclimatizing sickening doubts. I daresay that many feminists will feel that, in his description of woman, checked by scrupulous references to the numbered cases, he has been guilty of something very like treason. He appears to be rather giving the cause away, and dashing cold water on passionate hopes. He doubts whether any woman has ever been an "intellectual." Woman's sense of logic is so private as to baffle the crisper male intelligence. It accommodates itself to passions, prejudices, and longings, and has no erectness in the face of the unpleasant. Woman lacks the power of concentration; having never really come to grips with general ideas, she is incapable of understanding or manipulating them. In a word, her view of things is the eccentric view of those who have indulged themselves in the luxury of living too intensely and exclusively in their own lives, and have never imaginatively insinuated themselves into the texture of other people's moods. It has to be called an inadequate view because it is emotional, irresponsible, anti-social. Of course, it is dangerous also. Mr. George here devotes a great deal of space to showing how shocking to the disciplined male is woman's reckless habit of generalization; and it is in laboring this point that he illustrates, unhappily for himself, the contrast. Let us glance at a few of his own generalizations. Man, we learn, is "conventional because he respects convention; woman because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention." "She is infinitely more rebellious than man, and where she has the power she inflames the world in protest." "I incline to believe that woman is firstly animal, secondly, intellectual; while man appears to be occasionally animal and primarily intellectual." The innocence that would permit a man to write that last sentence is one of the traits that probably endear Mr. George to his friends. It is irresistibly quaint.

Naturally, a mollifying gesture is needed at this point, and Mr. George produces one. If woman is what she is, who is to blame but man? Man has wanted to be flattered, lied to,

deceived, cajoled, admired for virtues he doesn't possess and feared for a savagery of which he is usually incapable; in order to enjoy the wiles of the courtesan, he has been willing enough to forgo the help of a working partner. It is his own frivolity that has involved us in evasions and taboos and false delicacies innumerable. If women are a little casual in business and a little reckless in expenditure, it is because they have been thrust back from affairs and not encouraged to take them with the proper seriousness. Inexperience and a bad social heritage, resulting in a slave morality, have really to be blamed for many ineptitudes and insufficiencies, which we need not in the least suppose to be permanent. The door is thus left open. Nora now has the world for her playground, and we may expect her to learn the rules of the game.

It is perfectly easy to convey a false impression of Mr. George's aim by tracing the development of his ideas in the present book. One may seem to convict him of a lack of sympathy. He has meant to be helpful and encouraging; there can be no doubt of that. If he has not everywhere escaped being inept, it is the fault rather of emphasis than intention. A reconciling gesture always excites suspicion. It is likely to conceal a hint of the patronizing. There is no denying, at least, that Mr. George has made it exceedingly easy for men to be feminists. By his formula they are permitted to retain all the conscious pride of intellectual superiority, and to add to that pride the perilous self-approval of those who waive the privileges of the superior. If he looks a bit complacent, it is because his novelist's imagination has failed to warn him against an uncongenial rôle. In juggling with ideas he is a little inexpert. If the final impression his book leaves on the mind is one of futility, it is because he has insisted on dragging in the idle old controversy over superiority, and laying the stress there. And it seems impossible for a great many men, once they get on that subject, not to lug in Plato and Shakespeare, and clothe themselves foolishly and fallaciously with some of the borrowed glory. But it is only a way of obscuring the issue and rousing needless bitterness. Let the average citizen be turned away from the polls on the ground that he has never written a play as good as Shakespeare's, and the inexpediency of such a test of political and moral responsibility may be expected at some time or other to penetrate his brain.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

A PROMISING FIRST NOVEL.

THE BALANCE. By Francis R. Bellamy. (Double-day, Page & Co.; \$1.35.)

After one has closed the first novel of Mr. Francis R. Bellamy, after one has thought about it a little, glanced once more at its title, opened it again at random, thought a little more,—for it is a book that demands all these things,—one arrives at a single commentary: balance. The exuberance of youth without its self-importance; sentiment without sentimentality; enthusiasm without fanaticism; sanity, humor, vitality,—“The Balance” stands for these. It is not often that an author's title furnishes so apt an estimate of his significance.

It is from character rather than plot that Mr. Bellamy has built his novel. And in his character drawing, again, one traces an analogy with his title. The story of his two characters' lives is the story of their struggle toward intellectual and spiritual balance. Sammy, or (as Broadway and the readers of his biography later knew him) S. Sidney Tappan, started life as the apple of an indulgent parent's eye. Paris, London, Vienna, and California witnessed the futile attempts of his genius to bud respectively into a Wagner, a Whistler, a De Reszke, and a Stevenson. Melchester, whose society knew him, did not consider playwriting—well, simply did not consider it. Therefore Sammy's genius slumbered. And it took some very loud knocks to rouse it for the noonday of Sammy's development. The first knock came early; it was his mother's death, his sudden loneliness, and the remorseful thought of that package of beautiful letters home that concealed his college fiasco. For Sammy could be very beautiful. The second knock, the Pike episode, deprived Sammy of his ten thousand. That knock, however, was muffled by the providential existence of Ricorton and the joint score of “The Honeymooners.” Sammy, bearing five hundred dollars, his still slumbering genius, and the heart of Carrie, took lodgings in New York with Ricorton.

Carrie remained in Melchester. That calm, clear-eyed daughter of Melchester's Grocery King (“Wholesale,” however, Mrs. Schroeder would have interpolated) had “everything—except something to do.” That, however, lay outside the function of a young girl according to the Schroeder standards. Therefore she indulged in the mild philanthropy common to Society.

They all talked of it vaguely, those girls in that Beecher Conference which she had joined at her mother's suggestion; talked and listened to mean-

ingless reports and consumed pleasant quantities of tea and little cakes in comfortable libraries; and secured sufficient funds to keep their Miss Strong going, and their own minds happy with the thought of accomplishment and duty done. . . . A very good thing to belong to, Mrs. Schroeder would have told you.

Sammy's first play, significantly entitled "The Lady in the Lion Skin," opened in Melchester with Sylvia Tremaine as star. Sylvia held her public because she understood so well the art of suggestiveness. It was this same art which had inspired Sammy to write the play and which assured its success, for Sammy's spots had already taken on the color of Broadway. The Melchester papers admired "the daring art of the Lion Skin scene, without one word that could be construed improperly."

But it revealed to Carrie something which Sammy, dazzled by success and the prospect of Broadway's adulation, did not discern. She understood its full significance, for it menaced what she loved best in him. It is at this point, where Carrie moves to the settlement to work out her salvation alone, and Sammy dashes to New York to take advantage of his success at full tide, that the really big spiritual forces involved in the story emerge distinctly.

Characteristically enough, it took poverty to rouse the full strength of each of them,—Carrie through this experience, Sammy through his own expensive suffering. The "industrial depression" of that winter brought bleak misery to the Melchester slums, unloosing the full flood of Carrie's unrestrained sympathy and indignation. It was then that she faced the Grocery King with the taunt of charity as a gilded restoration—for his capitalistic robbery. Carrie in her own way was giving as uncontrolled a rein to instinct as poor Sammy. In those West Twenty-ninth Street lodgings industrial depression was no less real a thing. Ricorton, Ruby of the vaudeville, and Jack Bantry, her overbearing, magnetic Irishman, all lived on the slender remnant of Sammy's royalties; while Sammy, whose genius had executed a right-about-face and was impelling him irresistibly to the top of his powers, spent his hours before the typewriter. As the author remarks:

It is to our Sammy's everlasting honour that, through it all, it never occurred to him that his money would last longer if he had only himself to support. He would have thought as soon of casting these friends of his adrift in mid-ocean as on the streets of New York. I do not wonder that gradually there dawned in Ruby's eyes an appreciation of the strange code of honour of the man who sat writing "Doctor Paulding," with starvation three months ahead, and never stopped even to question the motives of his friends.

How it came about that Sammy made his great sacrifice, which was really no sacrifice at all because he was simply carried away by the heroic, stupendous idea of the thing, how it came about that he was found by Carrie in New York, and how it happened that he married her after all, are things best related by the author, who whimsically remarks: "If only he had had some other character than that queer one he had—he would have been a hero to me, too, then." I think it is partly this attitude toward his characters that constitutes the charm of Mr. Bellamy's writing. He treats them all as if they were good friends of his whose foibles vastly amused him, and whose characters constantly intrigued his attention as they unfolded and developed in the different phases of their lives. The curiosity to learn with him just what they are going to do next with those funny, irresponsible, human natures, is what leads the reader on from chapter to chapter. For his is not the probing, cynical inquisitiveness of the pathological or psychological realist; he likes his people, and there is no false sentiment, either, about his liking. Joined with his sense of humor, it gives them dignity.

Not that Mr. Bellamy is without his faults as a writer. One could wish for his sake, for instance, that Barrie had not written "Sentimental Tommy." For Sammy is very like him. And one must hope that his quite personal manner of writing will not be continued indefinitely. Its very freshness lends his work charm in this, his first novel; but one can imagine it hardening to pure mannerism in his second or his third. But no amount of quibbling "ifs" can detract from the real worth of this novel. You will rarely find together three characters so freshly drawn from life as Sammy Tappan, Carrie Schroeder, and Sylvia Tremaine. You will rarely find in the writers of this country such poise, and justifiable assurance, and true sense of proportion. A first novel is not always a good test of an author's powers; but such a novel as "The Balance" holds a promise, and arouses a great expectation. The finest thing about this exceptional novel is the masterly way in which the author has evolved his characters through the actions and incidents rendered inevitable by those characters themselves. It is this conviction of truth that remains to exhilarate, long after the story has been finished.

RUTH MCINTIRE.

RECENT FICTION.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By Maud Diver. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.)

THE HILLMAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.)

WILDFIRE. By Zane Grey. (Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.)

Miss Maud Diver has a deep love of India as well as a considerable knowledge. I do not know her former novels, though I have often seen them mentioned, but from their titles they would be novels of India; one of them seems to show that Desmond's Daughter must be the daughter of "Captain Desmond, V. C." who has given his name to an earlier book. In fact Captain Desmond, now old, a general, and one of the governors of India, appears in this story of his daughter, so that those who have read earlier chronicles will doubtless look forward with pleasure to something more of the same sort.

Miss Diver naturally sees in India one of the great opportunities of the English people to govern the earth according to justice and law,—though necessarily and unfortunately, by force of arms. But she sees in it also more than that; her book is infused with those ideas which even a glimpse of Eastern life will arouse in us children of the West. Vincent Leigh, a young man of soldier tradition but with a leaning more to thought than to action, goes out to India rather to find his real relation to the rest of the universe than to make his place in the British army. He was shy as a boy, too different from others to get on at a public school, and, even after he had gone from Oxford to Sandhurst, he still had the unconquered desire to loiter in his own wandering bypath rather than follow the "macadamized track of action and thought" that lay obviously before him. To such a one India, with its facile and vague philosophies, was not without attraction, even though the chance to know it came in the form of a commission in an Indian regiment. Thought and action, individuality and society, the many and the one, philosophy and war, eastern mysticism and western effectiveness,—these are ideas in which a set of characters may well move with interest to her who conceives them as well as to us who read of them.

Miss Diver, however, is not a metaphysician by nature, which is fortunate for her career as a novelist. One may think it a fault in her book that she does not really give much of an idea of the thinking of a hero who was fundamentally a man of intellect. Even when Vincent Leigh escapes from the everyday routine of regimental work and

social play, and goes off for a time by himself among the wonderful mountains of Kashmir and a season with a great Indian thinker, we get no very sure notion of just how his mind passed from one conception to another. But perhaps that is no drawback. This is no philosophical novel; Miss Diver was intent on telling the story of a man in whom the melting pot of youth gave forth at last the fine metal of manhood, and if she suggests the things of the mind that were important, she probably does as much as she desires.

At the bottom of her thought is doubtless the idea that action, even in the form of war, is necessary to make the finest manhood. So the English must naturally think to-day; so indeed many Americans think. Some writers to-day feel that action is necessary for higher thought; Miss Diver seems rather to feel that the higher thought realizes itself only in action. All of which is rather aside from the interest of her novel to the general reader. It is a good book and I have read it with interest, despite the immense amount of triviality which seems the necessary accompaniment of army life in India. It is hard to see how it is that soldiers can be developed by a life where all military duty is drudgery and "shop," and the chief things of importance are dancing, flirting, racing, cards, and private theatricals; but apparently the thing can be done. It is not strange that Vincent Leigh found life at Kohat a bore, but it is strange that those who lived it systematically should ever be able to do anything else worth mentioning. All of which is neither here nor there; we have an entertaining picture of life and had better not question too closely how it can possibly be what it is. If, in the course of its entertainment, it suggests to us things that are of help in hardening the fibre of spiritual life, so much the better.

Mr. Oppenheim, also, contrary to his usual custom, has an idea at the back of his head, or, we might better say, on the surface of his thought,—namely, the difference between life in the the great world of London and simple life in the country. Just as an idea it is not so good as Miss Diver's; the Englishman in India is a suggestive personage. Mr. Oppenheim's Hillman is a certain John Strangeway who comes from a lonely manor in Cumberland down to London. Fortunately he has just inherited a vast fortune, so that he is spared certain contrasts rather obvious in current fiction as in current life. He has his impression of the life of the great city. At first it seems to him merely an effort at mediocrity, "an absolute vortex of human beings, all dressed in very much the same

fashion, all laughing and talking together very much in the same note." His view at first is rather superficial; the women "seem all the time to be wanting to show, not themselves, but what they have on." As to the men, he says little. To tell the truth, Strangeway is not really a student of society, nor is Mr. Oppenheim in any ordinary sense. If Mr. Oppenheim really thinks that the best and happiest life is that which is lived simply in some remote estate, far from the city and near to Mother Earth, he has been very successful hitherto in concealing his opinion. As a fact, John Strangeway comes to London, not to see London life, but to see Louise Maurel, a wonderful actress, whom he desires to marry. Whether he ever really persuaded himself or her that life would be better in Cumberland than it was in London is doubtful, even at the end of the book. As it is, he manages to get along pretty well in the world of actresses and dramatists, men of the world and women of fashion in which he finds himself. Probably he would not have liked it long, but then it is probable enough that Louise, when once settled in Cumberland, would not have liked that very long. Whatever the philosophy of life presented, the situation gives Mr. Oppenheim the *milieu* which he loves and which he has so often made amusing. There are, of course, two kinds of Oppenheim books—those that are the best of their kind and those that are not so good. "The Hillman" is one of the latter. Yet even so it will be read with unabated pleasure, and the reader will not be disturbed by questions of social science, nor, indeed, by questions of reality. Such is Mr. Oppenheim's gift; he carries one along in the flood of a life of amusement and emotion so that for the time being one cares little for the commonplaces of realism. How fine is his imaginative power in this matter may easily be seen by comparing his story of London life with that part of Miss Diver's book which deals with the social life of an Indian cantonment. Doubtless the life of the brilliant restaurant and the glittering theatre in London is a more powerful stimulant than that of the officers' mess and the private theatricals at a regimental station in the border country, but Mr. Oppenheim would probably have been equal even to the latter opportunity. Miss Diver had her own problem in mind, a very different one from Mr. Oppenheim's.

I rarely feel that I can criticize Mr. Oppenheim. "Do not all charms fly before the cold touch of philosophy?" asked Keats. To criticize these remarkable tales would be too

much like analyzing some wonderful orchid, a proceeding useful to science, perhaps, but not helping our enjoyment much. It may be that no such world as Mr. Oppenheim's exists, yet I read his stories with never-failing pleasure. I do not believe I could get on with the Prince of Seyre, with Lady Hilda Mulloch, with Aida Calavera; yet they make a brilliant company which one may well enjoy without an æsthetic pang. And just as one may admire the fine mural decoration of a big restaurant, or a theatre, or a hotel,—indeed just as one may like such things in a friend's house if not in one's own,—so I like to read Mr. Oppenheim.

Mr. Zane Grey has a fine eye for place and a fine sentiment for the spirit of place. I have not read all his novels, but those that I have read are memorable chiefly for rendering the impressions of the vast and wonderful deserts of the great Southwest. The story of "Wildfire" is laid in northern Arizona near the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The grey expanse of desert, the rushing river, the highly colored heights, the strange natural monuments, the purple distance, the dim mountains, the blue-rimmed horizon, each with ten thousand variations of light and shade, cloud and storm, winter and summer,—these make his landscape. Every feature comes to his mind (and to ours) in a hundred forms,—the river, the canyon, the mountain rampart, the desert,—and every form is keenly felt. People are apt to skip descriptions; one must not do so here or one will miss some of the best things in the book. For after one has followed the story even with intensity, it fades a little in the mind in the days that come after, while one still remembers the atmosphere of the book or the characters. It may be that some incident, some situation remains fixed in the mind,—as here the figure of the galloping horse with the half-naked girl bound to its back. But the prevailing recollection is more apt to be of place or of person.

On the Colorado river, somewhere above the beginning of the Grand Canyon (as I make it out), is Bostil's Ford, or rather was in an earlier time, when the great wave of early western emigration was beginning to recede a little and to contract; and in these regions, beyond the western settlements and not so far as the real gold country, was a population of odds and ends mingled with transient Indians, sheep traders, and Mormons. The real interest in life at Bostil's Ford was horse-racing; "Wildfire" is really a horse-book, as one may say, and the un-horsy reader (like myself) must feel that he is

dealing with a strange and unaccustomed form of life. Bostil's Ford was named from "old man Bostil," who had lived there for many years. The village at the Ford was the centre of a set of horsemen, riders, horse-wranglers, Indians, and horse-thieves. Their minds were full of horse; a man would have said that there was nothing else in the world. Lucy Bostil, the old man's daughter, was commonly said to have been born on horse-back, and certainly she must have been on a horse for the greater part of her conscious life. She was as good on a racer as one of her father's riders. Into this curious world comes a wild-horse hunter, a man who would go week after week in pursuit of some fine wild horse. Given these conditions, one can imagine the general course of the novel, though in this case a new and somewhat surprising element is injected into the story, as has been indicated. I rather think the Mazeppa motive is a little too fierce for most readers and not fierce enough for the impression of real veracity. But however that may be, the story carries one along, gives a few thrills, and if it then fades from the mind, it leaves the impression of the wonderful western canyon-country and the curious out-of-the-world figures that used to people it.

EDWARD E. HALE.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION.

It is a difficult matter, according to the popular conception, for a man to "come back." Yet two persons—a man and a woman—come back to round out successful lives in the novel, "Afterwards," from the pen of Kathlyn Rhodes (Duffield; \$1.35). They perform their respective feats in very interesting if somewhat incredible ways. The hero, Dr. Anstee, lives down the embarrassment of killing a woman who, as his companion, petitioned that fate at his hands when they were captured by religious fanatics in India. Anstee, who is unexpectedly rescued ten minutes after the performance of his disagreeable task, lives a life haunted by the grim memory. The heroine, Chloe Carstairs, a proud Englishwoman, confronts intolerant neighbors following her release from prison, where she has been placed as the result of an unjust conviction for libel. Even her husband, unable to believe in her innocence, leaves their home to follow the English flag into foreign lands. The reshaping of these two lives is effected in the midst of events so correlated and so rapidly moving that the reader's interest never flags.

Everyone knows the twinge of disappointment resulting from the discovery that a favorite friend has second-rate qualities as well as those unique virtues which endear him. Such will be the emotion of those who venture to read Archibald Marshall's latest book, "Upsidonia" (Dodd, Mead;

\$1.50). No one who read that superb story, "Watermeads," would suspect Mr. Marshall of so commonplace a mind as is revealed in this thoroughly uninteresting story of a fictitious country in which the social crime is the possession of wealth. It is a barren tale of unpleasant people, without humor or originality or reason. Is Mr. Marshall taking advantage of his well-earned success to palm off some adolescent effort? Or does he feel that it is necessary to rush into print every six months with a new book in order to keep his public? More than one writer of standing has discovered that there is such a thing as writing oneself out. Let us hope that Mr. Marshall will not need to learn that lesson; should he embark upon such a career, ours would be the loss. There are few who can tell a better story, or tell it with greater charm, than Mr. Marshall, when he will. But if he will not, he deserves to be ignored.

An excellent novel written about a theme which will ever be an interesting one is "The Complete Gentleman" by Bohun Lynch (Doran; \$1.35). The story deals with the efforts of Henry Wedlaw to maintain his social position and satisfy his "gentlemanly" tastes by marrying wealth in the person of Dolly Lowe, who has just come into an inheritance. Wedlaw's real self is revealed when it is discovered that the legacy is his own. Instead of the conciliatory husband, he becomes the head of the household. His married life, moulded after his own views as to what married life should be, becomes a despotism, in which the wife must forfeit all the independence and much of the charming individuality which had previously been hers. Then comes Oliver Maitland, the trusted but untrustworthy friend of Wedlaw, who succeeds in wrecking the happiness of the Wedlaw household. The subtlety of character description, with its gradual transitions, marks the novel as one of real worth. It manifests intimate knowledge of the life it pictures, and a singular ability to impart that knowledge to the reader.

It is unusual to find in an American writer the quality which distinguishes the work of Fiona Macleod, but the same poetic mysticism which haunts those imaginative tales is to be found in "The Druid Path" by Marah Ellis Ryan. The volume consists of six tales, four of which are tales of ancient Erin. The author has done more than rewrite old legends. She has infused her characters with such reality that they become living men and women, whose passions lay violent hold upon the reader. There is madness in these tales, the madness and recklessness of exalted emotion, and in their telling there is that wild ecstasy which characterizes Irish music and poetry. Mrs. Ryan has a rare faculty of conjuring a sense of significance and portent and these stories have a background of mysticism which makes of the human characters symbols in some spiritual drama. Probably the story of "The Dark Rose" will find the widest appeal, since it is a tale of our own times, as recent as the Irish Rebellion of last year. It is a story of a shepherd lad who became a poet and leader and of an Irish girl who became the wife of a lord. These two understood, though

dimly, the reality of those mystical forces known best in the days of Druidical worship, and the magic of this understanding brought them so closely together that there was no separation when the poet fell before the firing squad whose officer was the husband of his beloved. The publishers have produced a book which is typographically worthy of the exceptional literary merit of the stories. The titles and page decorations have been taken from the "Book of Kells." There are also included many of the airs of Irish folk music. (McClurg; \$1.35.)

Despite the modern improvements which we now enjoy in our literature, our cooking, our sanitation and general mode of life, there is lacking a quality which the Victorians possessed and which added a distinct charm to life. That is romance. Without this our sky-scraper habit of thought seems a little barren, when one stops to think about it. It is with genuine delight that this reviewer discovered the presence of romance in Harold Ohlson's "The Dancing Hours" (Lane; \$1.25). It is splendid to be able to bury oneself in a novel without the horrible suspicion that one is being "improved" or imposed upon by some sugar-tongued propagandist. "The Dancing Hours" pretends to be no more than a story, but what a story! Here is all the antiquated lumber of mysterious heroines, dashing and handsome villains, manly and long-suffering heroes, unexpected wealth, and happy endings. It is true that the reader knows that it will end happily, but Mr. Ohlson has oiled the machinery so cleverly, dressed out his characters so attractively, and been so skilful in manipulating his plot that one may easily forgive him and accept this delightful story of Jane, whose hair was red and whose heart was ambitious.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

INTER ARMA. By Edmund Gosse. Scribner; \$1.50.

These essays have several equally potent claims upon the interest of students of literature. In the first place, the essays are completely characteristic of Mr. Gosse: they display the leisurely movements of mind so familiar to readers of his prose and verse, the usual gracious suavity of style, the occasional looseness in statement of fact, the old fullness of reading and catholicity of taste. One new but scarcely surprising strand of feeling sets all this familiar placidity into violent relief, like a thread of scarlet in a pearl-gray fabric: the ferocity of the references to the Enemy. For these are essays written "under the excitement and anxieties of the war," addressed openly to men at the front. And herein lies the book's second claim to attention. We do not associate literary discussions with soldiers in the trench. But, as Mr. Gosse says, "It has hardly been enough observed that we have sent out for our national defense in this war a soldiery far more widely read and deeply educated than has ever been the case before." It is almost ludicrous to think of a

book like this being read very much "somewhere in France"; but the thought brings home, as few thoughts can, the completeness with which every class, almost every fibre, of English society has been caught up into the struggle. Then again, the book is not a haphazard collection of papers. It has a central theme: affection for France. Mr. Gosse can discourse upon this motive without hypocrisy; for he has always been an outspoken friend of French life and letters. He probably means to remind his readers that the once alien land in which they are fighting, now the chosen grave of their dead, will forever be to the English spirit a part of English soil. "War and Literature" pictures the reaction of French letters to the invasion of '70-'71; "War Poetry in France," with its splendid and unique study of *Déroulède* and its tributes to *Botrel* and *Paul Fort*, shows what the present spirit is and that it is very noble. "The Unity of France" answers the lying charge of French decadence previous to 1914, and really proves that "The Unity of the nation is the expression of a store of vitality long amassed for this very purpose of defense in time of sorest need." "The Desecration of French Monuments" is a call for a day of reckoning. Even the more or less balanced essays entitled "The Napoleonic Wars in English Poetry" (the weakest part of the book) and "A French Satirist in England" are, so to speak, playfully affectionate reminders that men now comrades once quarrelled—curiosities of literature "which can do nothing but excite a smile on either side of the Channel." The essay last named concerns the forgotten "Iambes" of *Auguste Barbier*, and makes a distinct contribution to literary history. *Barbier's* satire reads as if it came piping hot from the spleen of *Houston Stewart Chamberlain* or of a Prussian junker. Mr. Gosse's whole book has such an obvious unity of theme and feeling that one rather regrets the inclusion in it of the essay on "The Neutrality of Sweden." Restrained and admirable as this document is, it spoils the artistic balance of the whole collection. None of these essays, perhaps, attain permanent literary value; they are frankly journalistic. But there can be no doubt that, barring a few extremities in the expression of hate, they make what *Ruskin* would call a good book for the times.

TRAINING FOR THE NEWSPAPER TRADE. By Don C. Seitz. Lippincott; \$1.25.

Don C. Seitz, business manager of the "New York World," contributes this small volume to "Lippincott's Training Series." Apparently a collection of popular lectures, several chapters show a few repetitions, but they are not obvious. A table giving the departments into which a metropolitan newspaper is divided and the titles and duties of the various departmental staffs, forms an excellent supplement to the text. Mr. Seitz's observations are often interesting and for the most part just, although one can hardly follow him to his conclusion that newspaper publicity has prevented the development of an aristocracy in America. In discussing the distribution of duties on a large daily, Mr. Seitz shows a good

grasp of his subject and draws illustrations and anecdotes from his long and intimate association with the profession. It is unfortunate, however, that he has not given his readers more of an idea of the copyreader who edits, and writes the headlines for the reporters' "stories," for it is his touch which prepares and seasons the news for the public. And, incidentally, if Mr. Seitz had shown his "copy" to a good copyreader, his book would have increased in readability by the excision of many an exclamation point. While it is only sketchy in character, the book should prove of interest to the general reader who is curious about the way the world's news is prepared for his breakfast table, and of help to the young man or woman who is thinking of the newspaper field as a possible profession.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION. By Frank J. Warne. Appleton; \$2.50.

Mr. Warne rehearses here large numbers of facts which he presented three years ago in "The Immigrant Invasion." These facts relate to the volume, sources, nature, and regulation of the influx of aliens into the United States, and are readily accessible not only in the annual reports of the Commissioner-General of Immigration but in numerous books published within the past ten or fifteen years. The merit of the present volume arises, therefore, from a half-dozen chapters dealing with such matters of current interest as the literacy test, the effort to promote immigrant distribution, and the effects of the European war upon the immigrant tide. Discussion of these subjects, however, is very brief. With respect to the literacy test it is contended that, notwithstanding express assertions to the contrary by Presidents Cleveland and Wilson in their veto messages, the adoption of the test would "not be a departure from the fundamental basis underlying our national or traditional or long-established policy but merely an extension of this policy to a class or group not now affected by the law." And by an analysis of the votes in Congress on sixteen bills embodying the literacy test since 1896, it is shown that there is a strong presumption that the test is favored by the country as a whole. Admitting that the effects of many factors in the situation cannot be foreseen, Mr. Warne argues that the sharp decrease of immigration caused by the war will prove but temporary. The destruction of capital and the retardation of industrial recovery likely to be caused by American tariffs, will lessen the home opportunities for labor. Territorial readjustments flowing from the war will produce new oppressions and new impulses to migration. With wages in America already higher than can be paid in the re-established industries of Europe, and tending steadily to rise, the movement of labor to the United States will be resumed. Finally, a revival of immigration on a gigantic scale, such as followed the Napoleonic and other wars of the nineteenth century, is predicted. Only early and sweeping restrictive legislation, it is asserted, can prevent the immigration of the coming decade from rivaling that of the decade past.

The argument is not wholly convincing, but it commands attention. And more than one economist of eminence would subscribe to it. The volume closes with a conventional plea for assimilation.

OUR NATION IN THE MAKING. By Helen Nicolay. Century; \$2.50.

Believing that we take our history too seriously, "as if it were a medicine rather than a cordial," Helen Nicolay, daughter of Lincoln's secretary and biographer, has given us a volume which, written, she says, in "cheerful disregard of established rules for history books . . . cares less for specific happenings than for movements and currents of feeling. When forced to choose between picturesque typical incidents and a conscientious narrative of dry fact it gravitates shamelessly toward the picturesque." History "as she is taught," she declares, is frankly a bore. Miss Nicolay is, however, too severe in her general condemnation of works on history for there are now scores of books by competent writers which are almost as interesting as this volume of hers. The period here covered is roughly the first half of the nineteenth century, from George Washington to Franklin Pierce. True to promise there is in this volume nothing of formal history but a lively and roundabout narrative, packed with brief stories, anecdotes too good not to be true but nevertheless of doubtful authenticity in some cases, brilliant handling of personalities, descriptions of dinners, clothes, manners, and entertainments. There is also much that the dry historians whom the author scorns will pronounce good. The book furnishes a fine background for American history. The author has little to say about political and constitutional history but makes clear and understandable the political nature of the period and the political interest of the American people. As a story of the development of Americanism—crude, earnest, and boastful—it is very successful. The following titles selected from the twenty-three which make up the book will indicate the nature of the work: "The Opening West," "As Others Saw Us," "Roads of the Promised Land," "Women in a Free Country," "Religion in a Republic," and "Suffrage and Reform." The contents are as interesting as the titles.

JOURNALISM VERSUS ART. By Max Eastman. Knopf; \$1.

When Mr. Eastman and his friends called their magazine "The Masses," they were doubtless indulging in a little private fun, for the only thing they share with the masses is a desire to see them get more bread. If the masses ever do read the magazine, it is probably with a chill in the heart and a fog in the head, and one can imagine them rushing for light and warmth to the fallacious, capitalistic press. For Mr. Eastman, as an editor, would never think of giving the public what it wants, and he sets himself here to show how journalism, which is only a very democratic

and shaggy kind of literature, is corrupting our taste in letters and art. It has banished personality, because personality has a thrust too vigorous and a vision too personal to escape giving offence, and it is the business of magazines with large circulations to make their circulations still larger by pleasing everybody a little and displeasing nobody very much. Hence we have the curious magazine art and literature of the present, a thoroughly standardized commodity which is never "queer," never "grotesque," never "alien, or exaggerated, or sublime." It has precisely the round, smooth, mechanical perfection that characterizes all goods turned out in great quantities to sell. With entire good humor Mr. Eastman tells us of his own experiences in writing for pay. He wrote an article and then, in collaboration with the editor, he rewrote it several times. It was finally accepted and printed. His friends read it. "That article doesn't have any quality," they said. "It is just well written." I told them I had learned the trade." Doubtless every rebel wishes to save something, and Mr. Eastman would like to save our spelling from the spelling reformers. His argument is certainly ingenious and amusingly fresh, but what he convinces us of in the end is not that it is a good argument but that it is good enough for a man who doesn't want a change. In calling much "free verse" "lazy" verse, Mr. Eastman has got himself pretty generally misunderstood. He admits that free verse may also be poetry of sorts, but he insists that "In all arts it is the tendency of those who are ungrown to confuse the expression of intense feeling with the intense expression of feeling—which last is all the world will long listen to. The journalistic vogue of free verse encourages this kind of confusion in poetry." Journalism fares throughout rather badly at Mr. Eastman's hands, a fact which is a little surprising in an ultimate democrat. One suspects that his instincts are really less insurgent than his conscious creed, and that where his love is deep his protective instinct asserts itself as naturally as in the sheerest reactionary.

MANUAL OF THE COMMON INVERTEBRATE ANIMALS. By H. S. Pratt. McClurg; \$3.50.

The need has long been felt in this country of such a manual as Professor Pratt's. The work does not include the insects, but does include representatives of all other invertebrate groups, with synoptic keys to genera, and numerous figures. It will be a useful book for the reference shelves of biological laboratories, for general libraries, and for students of zoology. It does not replace special monographs. A fifty-foot shelf could hardly hold the volumes of a complete manual of the known invertebrate fauna. It takes the place in the central and eastern parts of the United States which Leunis's "Synopsis" has so long occupied in European and American laboratories. It is to be regretted that many of the figures are so inadequately drawn, and so poorly printed, owing to the quality of the paper used. However, one of the greatest problems of authors and publishers of scientific books is that of keeping the price

within the limits of the purchaser's purse, and concessions in these matters tend to increase the number of users of the book. It is perhaps by reason of these limitations that the author did not include in the work the fauna of the Western states and of the Pacific coast. Over one thousand illustrations, an annotated list of authorities for genera and species, forming a convenient list of authors of biological works, a glossary of technical terms, and a full index add materially to the utility of this convenient manual, which will be welcomed by all American biologists.

THE SHORT-STORY. By Barry Pain. Doran; 40 cts.

THE LYRIC. By John Drinkwater. Doran; 40 cts.

The two recent additions to the series named "The Art and Craft of Letters" are by no means of equal value. Mr. Pain's book is perhaps as unmitigated a stretch of drivel as the subject has produced. Not that it sins by ineptly dogmatizing—indeed, one would welcome a few dogmas as signs of backbone; but in the entire 63 pages that make up this little book, the author chats aimlessly on, and at the close leaves the reader in a state of astonished vacuity. The other book is notable for its clear thinking and well-sustained argument. Accepting Coleridge's "perfect and final answer to the question, 'What is poetry?'" ("the best words in the best order"), Mr. Drinkwater reaches the doubtful conclusion that if a recorded mood does not "exhaust the imaginative capacity," the product is either prose or "insignificant verse." Poetry, that is, is inevitably supreme; what is not supreme is not poetry at all. In accordance with the present tendency, the author looks at the matter from the point of view of "energy." The specific poetic quality, he decides, is "a maximum of imaginative pressure freeing itself in the best words in the best order"; and that is also the lyrical quality, so that "lyric and the expression of pure poetic energy . . . are the same thing," and "lyric poetry" is a tautological term. More novel and more profound is the discussion, in the latter part of the book, of "free verse" and kindred matters. "The change of line-lengths and rhythms in a short poem written in 'free verse' is nearly always arbitrary, and does not succeed in doing what is claimed for it in this direction [keeping the structure of verse in constant correspondence with change of emotion], while it often does succeed in distressing the ear and so obscuring the sense, though that is by the way." "The truth is," he adds later, "that the poetic mood, which is what is expressed by the rhythm and form of verse and may very well be called the emotion of poetry, is not at all the same thing as what are commonly called the emotions—as happiness, despair, love, hate and the rest." Whereas the governing poetic mood is expressed by the rhythm of poetry, "by flexible movement that is contained in an external symmetry," "the emotions," the subject-matter, are expressed by words. "Of perfect correspondence of the strictly chosen words to the rhythmic movement is born the complete form of poetry."

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE. By John A. Ryan.
Macmillan; \$1.50.

As a writer on questions relating to capital and labor Father Ryan is not a novice. In this book he treats in a formal manner the problem of distribution, and he brings a viewpoint that can no longer be overlooked. It is a long way from the "economics of distribution" to "distributive justice," but hereafter the ethical aspect of the problem must be in the forefront. We must look to human values, to the man or woman who receives a part of the economic dividend. Nevertheless, the author is conservative in attitude, he defends the private ownership of land, is rather reluctant about taxes on land and finds the socialistic programme untenable. He would, however, increase public ownership of land and establish progressive income and inheritance taxes. In such a programme reason and experience are the important factors that determine what is conducive to human welfare. In discussing interest he concludes that the theories of productivity, service, and abstinence are all inadequate, but that a moral sanction exists, although this alone does not justify interest. Coöperation will partly eliminate the burdens that interest imposes. The ethical viewpoint is again emphasized in the examination of profits. What constitutes just profits and what is excessive, are among the questions discussed. Father Ryan advocates an attempt to restore a system of genuine competition before accepting the inevitableness of monopoly. Should this fail, then a plan of regulation would necessarily follow. A very important part of the book consists of the discussion of the wage problem. A family living wage represents a minimum that must be attained. This, however, does not necessarily represent a just wage, which may be considerably more. There are a number of wage determining factors such as effort, sacrifice, productivity and scarcity of labor, but more important than these is the principle of human welfare. In so far as these factors establish a just wage they harmonize with the canon of human welfare. If they fall short the latter must fix the rate of wages. The author believes that minimum wage laws will be of material benefit to the laborer and that the extension of a system of coöperative production and distribution would supplement the return properly credited to labor with an additional remuneration that would greatly improve living conditions. The book is written from a Christian standpoint and makes use of the whole realm of literature bearing on the subject. Occasionally the reader is impressed with the feeling that the Fathers, who are freely quoted, were not so conversant with the economic problems as one might wish. Nevertheless, their ideals were usually worth while. And if this book adds but little to the body of economic doctrine, but impregnates economic theory with an ethical ideal, it deserves most hearty commendation. The unconscious development of human society must be superseded by conscious effort to obtain distributive justice and all that this phrase implies in terms of human welfare.

FEELINGS AND THINGS. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. Dutton; \$1.

It is difficult to resist skepticism whenever a new book of verse for or about children is announced. There have been so many elaborate efforts at rendering childhood's *naïveté* that one wishes poets would mind their own affairs and leave childhood's rose ungilded. Miss Wallace, however, does no violence to the elusive charm of childhood. One feels in reading these poems that she is writing from within out; she is not portraying childhood as she sees or remembers it, but interpreting it as she still feels it. In her choice of subjects and language, she is always well within the mood and psychology of her subject. In this slender book are to be found the vaguely defined imaginings, the sudden sharp impressions, the bubbling excitement and joyousness of childhood. Even the rhythm of the lines has the hop-skip-and-jump gaiety, the pause of perplexed wonder, and the sudden, ecstatic crescendo of discovery. These verses are distinctive and individual, and because of their authenticity and lyrical quality must take a high place in the literature of childhood.

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by A. J. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

A little more than a year ago ended the long life of that charming literary entomologist, the Homer of the Bee, the Spider, the Wasp, and the Caterpillar, J. Henri Fabre. His last book possesses scarcely the supreme interest of some of his earlier works, notably the "Life of the Spider," considered either as to matter or method, but there is in it charm enough to furnish out a hundred scientific treatises. The caterpillar itself is not quite so engaging as others of Fabre's small friends, nor do these observations and conclusions appear to have much scientific importance. The two outstanding conclusions for which evidence is adduced are: the utter absence of intelligence in the operations of the caterpillar, and second, the disparateness between the sense of smell in the ordinary use of the term, and the marvellous sense wherewith the Great Peacock Moth seeks out his mate in due season. For the most part, however, the volume, made up of scattered papers written over rather long intervals of time, some of them being among the very last work of the savant, gives an effect of scattering conclusiveness; it will, I suspect, be found as valuable to the student of literature as to the student of entomology. Within these limitations, though, and perhaps because of them, the book has a charm not often attained by the chronicles of natural historians. One hardly knows which to admire most, the thirst for accurate knowledge which led this nonagenarian to incur deliberately most painful poisonings in order to learn what makes the caterpillar an irritant; or the humility of the martyr-scholar toward those whom he considered and called his Masters; or the endearing humanity and brotherliness toward his little friends whose comfort he always put before his own. The matter of the book concerns cocoons

and larvæ and moths, but the subject of prime interest is, after all, the man. Despite this truth, which may make the scientist appear amateurish, the method revealed is unimpeachable in its thoroughness. It is ultra-scientific. No labor or fatigue is too great a cost for the smallest fact, a fact which often proves of little general worth. Fabre eschews theory even to the extent of frequent old-fashioned thrusts at uncongenial philosophic views. Facts are to him supreme, though he is not prevented from breaking off his record for such a burst of poetry as this: "Yes, caterpillars, my friends, let us work with a will, great and small, men and grubs alike, so that we may fall asleep peacefully; you with the torpor that makes way for your transformation into moths, we with that last sleep which breaks off life only to renew it. *Laboremus!*"

A SHEAF. By John Galsworthy. Scribner; \$1.50.

Mr. Galsworthy has here bound together a number of papers, "mostly pleas of some sort or other," contributed to newspapers and reviews during the past six years. Various as the essays are in subject and tone, they still possess a certain spiritual unity, giving us as they do the reactions of a sensitive and humane nature to much of the casual or wilful brutality in our civilization. The earlier papers, written before the war, show Mr. Galsworthy in passionate revolt against the barbarity of the hunting field, the torture of wild creatures shut into cages, the needless cruelty with which sheep and cattle are slaughtered for food. Those who imagine that the detachment which characterizes Mr. Galsworthy's method in the novel answers to something cold and unsympathetic in his nature, should read these early papers for their corrective effect on such a view. Toward the war Mr. Galsworthy's attitude has been fairly constant from the beginning. His first response was a shocked recoil, and it still seems to him a monstrous madness, forced upon Europe by imperial and bureaucratic dreams. It involved the temporary overthrow of civilization, the "grand defeat of all Utopians, dreamers, poets, philosophers, idealists, humanitarians, lovers of peace and the arts." The war meant that the central problem to which the enlightened peoples had at last seriously turned, the problem of lessening poverty, disease, and the hopeless degradation of the workers, had to be abandoned. It substituted destruction for construction. Mr. Galsworthy sees England fighting for democracy, fighting to make possible in the West a durable peace. Yet his conviction that such is the fact can invest the struggle with no glamour in his eyes: war has ceased to be glorious for those who can estimate justly its terrible cost. Nor does he believe that permanent spiritual gain will result. He denies the validity of the romantic notion that literature and art can profit by wholesale murder. Why should such an expectation be held? "On one whose whole natural life is woven, not of deeds, but of thoughts and visions, moods and dreams, all this intensely actual violence, product of utterly different natures from his own, offspring of men of action and affairs, cannot have

the permanent, deepening, clarifying influence that long personal experience of suffering has had on some of the world's greatest writers—on Milton in his blindness; on Dostoyevsky, reprieved at the very moment of death, then long imprisoned; on de Maupassant in his fear of coming madness; on Tolstoy, in the life-struggle of his dual nature; on Beethoven in his deafness, and Nietzsche in his deadly sickness. It is from the stuff of his own life that the creative writer moulds out for the world something fine, in the form that best suits him, following his own temperament." The writer's momentary identification with the war has in it something spasmodic and feverish; war is too foreign to the real self within him to produce any fine or lasting work.

A MONOGRAPH ON THE OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C. By Glenn Brown. American Institute of Architects; \$12.50.

No building in this country except the national Capitol has had such an elaborate memorial as the Octagon in Washington, to which Mr. Glenn Brown has devoted a folio of text and plates. Few private dwellings indeed would furnish better material for such a monograph than this one, now the headquarters of the American Institute of Architects, by authority of which the book is issued. It is equally distinguished as the house where the treaty of Ghent was ratified by President Madison, and as an artistic masterpiece from the designs of Dr. William Thornton. In the work in hand, thirty plates of accomplished architectural drawings record every detail of design, construction, and decoration. The elaborate mantels and doorways are thus not merely reft from their environment as in too many books, but the drawings of them are accompanied by careful studies of plan and ensemble. These studies include even the results of excavations on the site of former outbuildings, and researches in the varied modes of framing the different floors. The drawings are supplemented by a series of photographs equally complete. Such thorough presentation, although it would scarcely be worth while in the case of every early American house, will be welcomed equally by the architect and by the student of our architectural history. The accompanying text falls into two parts, a historical sketch of the building itself and a biographical sketch of its architect. The first relates the brief story of the erection of the house by Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, in the years 1797 to 1800, and the longer story of its rescue by the American Institute of Architects just a century later. This portion of the book includes also many significant observations on the internal evidence for the history of the building, which is further elucidated by colored reproductions of two old water-colors made at different periods. Careful research in the documentary evidence and in previous publications lends the section a gratifying finality. The appearance of this monograph, which sets a new standard of elaborate and sumptuous presentation in its field adds to the debt which lovers of architecture owe to Mr. Glenn Brown for his pioneer work in the history of American architecture.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY. By Edward R. Pease. Dutton; \$1.75.

The most illustrious, the most moderate, and the most influential non-political organization of Socialists in the world is the English Fabian Society. Inasmuch as the Society is more than thirty-three years old, it is somewhat remarkable that no formal history of it has reached print until within the past six months. Mr. Edward R. Pease, one of the organization's founders and for twenty-five years its secretary, has now supplied the lack. That his book is of unimpeachable accuracy is to be inferred not only from its authorship but from the fact that numerous representative Fabians, including Bernard Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and Graham Wallas, have collaborated in its preparation. The book consists, in the main, of a simple chronicle of the Society's founding, growth, researches, and public activities. There is no striving for literary effect, and the book is in no sense propagandist save as by its interesting description of the aspirations and methods of the Fabian group it may win sympathy and support in new quarters. The purpose for which the organization was established was affirmed originally to be "the reconstruction of society in accordance with the highest moral possibilities," and Mr. Pease considers this to be still the most accurate and compendious description of the Society's object and the nature of its work. Idealists the Fabians truly are. Nevertheless, far more than Socialists of most other schools and lands, they have been leaders in practical politics and participants in the quest of attainable reforms. The history of the social legislation of the past thirty years in Great Britain bears evidence on every page, not of the influence of Fabian Socialism as such, but of Fabian zeal for social betterment. To the development of Socialism itself the Fabians have contributed most notably, says the author, by breaking the spell of Marxism in England and working out application of the broad principles of the socialist cause to an industrial and political environment fundamentally different from that in which German, French, and other continental Socialism is placed.

MAGNA CARTA AND OTHER ADDRESSES. By W. D. Guthrie. Columbia University Press; \$1.50.

On June 15, 1915, the English-speaking world celebrated the seven-hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Carta; and the constitutional convention of New York, which was then in session, also took proper note of the great event. One of the speakers on that occasion was Mr. W. D. Guthrie, an eminent member of the New York bar, who is well known to the legal profession for his writings on constitutional law. Mr. Guthrie's address, with nine other essays delivered on various public occasions, has recently been published. In these papers the author discusses such questions as the referendum, the recall of judges, primary elections, a graduated income tax, and the like, all of which he subjects to hos-

tile criticism. The essay entitled "The Duties of Citizenship" was delivered before the Republican convention of the state of New York in 1912, and is an effort to lay bare the fallacies in the platform of the Progressive party. Mr. Guthrie's addresses add very little to the discussion of the problems which they are concerned with, but they have their value as a statement of the conservative view by a learned and clear-thinking student and teacher of the law. The essay on Magna Carta is perhaps the least valuable of the entire collection. In this paper the author presents the older view of the content and purpose of this document, a view that has long since lost credit among English historians. Mr. Guthrie still finds the representative principle in the Great Charter; he still seems to hold that the document provides for trial by jury; and he holds "that Magna Carta marked the greatest political epoch in the history of our race." It is exaggerations of this sort that have driven reputable historians to the other extreme, and to speak of the "myth of Magna Carta." But although the reviewer cannot accept Mr. Guthrie's conclusions with respect to the great document of 1215, and is not prepared to endorse his views on current political questions, he is glad to testify to the literary excellence of the volume: the "addresses" show that the author has not only thought his subjects out to the point of conviction, but that he is also able to express his views in fluent and forceful English.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOWS: An Attempt to Decipher the Man and His Nature. By D. H. Madden. Dutton; \$2.

It is pleasant to record that this is a work which may safely be put into the hands of the young. In it, the author, the Right Honorable D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, does his duty by the tercentenary and pours a libation of reverent bromides upon the honored bones. The matter in it is drawn from the best authorities and legends. The Vice-Chancellor has carefully studied the D. N. B. and the books of Lee and Dowden; and readers of those works will find themselves quite at home with the mass of edifying and charmingly discursive material here presented. All relations that Spenser, Heming and Condell, Jonson, and Marlowe had, or may have had, with Shakespeare are made to witness to the poet's dominant, and somewhat awful, Christian "gentleness." The chief methods by which he is revealed are those hallowed by the use of our ancestors. There is the immortal quotation method. Apt lines are taken from the Sonnets, or out of the mouth of characters as diverse as Orsino and Prospero, to illustrate Shakespeare's own beliefs and personality. Then there is what may be described as the pious use of tradition. Legends that are nice and proper are never "lightly regarded"; that is to say, they are swallowed whole. But any that are unedifying—even though they may come from the same sources,—such as one of Davenant's boasts and the story

of the final drinking bout, are regarded very lightly indeed. Of course, the young scamp stole deer. But then, many of the very best people did so in those days. And, after all, boys will be boys. Finally, the Will is made to yield up beautiful secrets. A tender page is devoted to the second best bed. The effect of the whole career, as set forth in this book, may be translated into American as "From Log Cabin to White House." It will be read with pleasure and profit by the curate of the Vice-Chancellor's parish.

FIVE MASTERS OF FRENCH ROMANCE. By Albert Léon Guérard. Scribner; \$1.50.

A study combining a good deal of easily written and almost as easily read exposition of modern fictions, a modicum of undistinguished criticism of the romancers, and some welcome particulars of their lives and personalities, ought to answer to the present requirements of a good many readers. Professor Albert Léon Guérard, author of "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," is likely to have better luck with the present volume than with its predecessor which, although a more valuable essay, was unfortunately timed. Dedicated to President David Starr Jordan and making an urgent plea for the disarming of France, the earlier work made its appearance just after the German attack on France through Belgium persuaded most lovers of France of the hopelessness of pacifism under actual world conditions. The present volume is, in the main, independent of politics, though we do not overlook the introductory and concluding chapters—"The Twilight of a World," "Geniuses as Cannon-fodder and Survival of the Unfittest," "Regeneration," and so on. The writers studied are Anatole France, primate of French literature; Pierre Loti, exotic representative of French Protestantism, "and on the surface the least Protestant of all"; Paul Bourget, "the most skilful technician"; Maurice Barrès, "defender of Tradition"; and Romain Rolland, author of "one of the world's classics; our young century has produced no work that compares with it in bulk, in ambition, in breadth of culture, in wealth of sympathy." Professor Guérard is a well-read man and he has written a useful book of a secondary sort. His book is, as his college lectures doubtless are, highly instructive to those who are not already well informed in the field traversed. His exposition of French novels and French culture is discreet and balanced, and his knowledge of American life, its standards and limitations, adds to his conservatism in the present work. There is no heat or passion here, either for men or works or ideas, and the level style and equal temper of the essays make them all the more judicious and all the less inspiring. In some ways the French-born author reminds us of certain New Englanders who have lost New England's faith but not its austerity. Professor Guérard has seen the smoke and horror of Europe in ruin, but not the fire of it.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Editors will be pleased to answer inquiries or to render to readers such services as are possible.

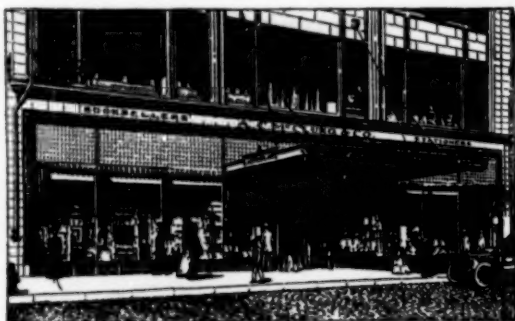
The following dates for special sales in connection with the Halsey Print Collection are announced by the Anderson Galleries: English 18th Century Mezzotints, February 5-9; Modern Prints, February 26-28; Old Masters, March 14-16; French Revolution and Napoleon, March 29-30.

An interesting feature of the Allied Bazaar, which was held in Chicago last month, was the sale of the original manuscript of "Little Boy Blue" to John McCormack, the singer, for \$2400. The manuscript was donated by Mr. Slason Thompson, a friend of Eugene Field. Among those bidding were Mr. Walter Hill and Mr. Cyrus McCormick.

Inscribed books from the collection of Mr. James Carleton Young of Minneapolis will be sold at the Anderson Galleries February 14 and 15. Among the more interesting items are a presentation copy of the Cruickshank Catalogue with an original drawing; "The Songs of a Savoyard" by W. S. Gilbert, containing an unpublished ballad in his autograph; an edition of "Tristram Shandy" with Sterne's autograph in three of the volumes; and twenty-two volumes with inscriptions by Zola, these forming the largest collection of the kind ever offered.

Bibliography's ideal, never to be realized in full, but always to be striven for and more and more nearly attained, "is the description, in minute detail, of all the books of the world, present, past, and future, so as to be available forever." Thus writes Mr. Louis N. Feipel in a treatise on "Elements of Bibliography," published for the Bibliographical Society of America by the University of Chicago Press. It is a clearly written work, presenting in brief compass the fundamental principles of the subject. Its definition of a book as "any composition recorded on a number of leaves bound together in proper order so as to convey ideas to anyone conversant with the form of composition used" might at first seem to be comprehensive enough; but good dictionary authority regards as books even parchment rolls and bundles of bamboo tablets. Perhaps, after all, Milton's glowing description (in the "Areopagitica") cannot be bettered: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Parts of Mr. Henry E. Huntington's library were sold at auction by the Anderson Galleries on January 24 and 25. Mr. Huntington's purchases at the Hoe sale alone ran over a million dollars, and he afterward bought the Americana collection of the late Mr. Church, the library of the Duke of Devonshire, the Halsey and the Chew collections, and sundry small but choice English libraries, such as the Britwell collection of Americana, lately owned by Mr. Christie-Miller, that was offered for sale in London last August. Mr. George D. Smith forestalled the dispersal of this last group by auction and conveyed it to Mr. Huntington *en bloc*.



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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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Having enriched his own shelves with about one hundred rarities from the Britwell collection and other mass purchases, Mr. Huntington is now dispersing duplicates and some other material he does not care for.

Coming to modern booklovers' editions of old classics, one can censure no solvent bibliophile for buying a marvellous Spanish blackletter, tri-centenary edition of "El Ingenioso Hidalgo don Quixote de la Mancha," printed on both sides of 375 quarto leaves of cork, with all sorts of illuminated initials, at San Felio, Spain, 1905-6. It weighs only 41 ounces.

More than a thousand drawings by the late historian Benson J. Lossing and 20,000 pages of his original manuscript writings were sold by the Anderson Galleries, New York, on January 29 and 30. Mr. Lossing was an accomplished draughtsman as well as a scholarly writer, and most of his drawings were drawn upon to illustrate his historical works. Survivors of the American Revolution frequently gave him their personal recollections of Revolutionary battlefields, or their descriptions of other events as they saw them, and he drew many portraits to accompany his accounts of their originals in "The Field Book of the Revolution," "The Field Book of the War of 1812," and his books on the Hudson River and the Civil War. The original manuscripts that were offered embrace the work on the Revolution named above, Lossing's "Cyclopedia of United States History," his Histories of New York City and State, his "Eminent Americans," and "The American Centenary." Nearly all of the 308 items that were offered for sale are extraordinary rarities, although they may not represent the high standard of scarcity or quite the same grade of perfect preservation that Mr. Huntington's reservations do. The following are among the rarest: De Bry's Voyages to America, 13 parts in Latin and 14 parts in German, 1590-1634—Halkuyt's Navigations, 1589—De Bry's Africa and East India, 17 in Latin and 18 in German—Champlain's Voyages et Découvertes en la Nouvelle France (Canada), Paris, 1619-20, first edition, and 1632, first complete edition—Bullock's Virginia, 1649, uncut—Sir Francis Drake's West Indian Voyage, with the four original, large folded maps by Boazio, London, 1589—Settle's True Report of the Last Voyage into the West and Northwest Regions by Captaine Frobisher, London, 1577, the rare first edition in black letter—Captain John Smith's True Relation, 1608—His Description of New England, 1616, and two copies of his Virginia, first edition, London, 1624—The Chevalier de Tonti's Account of Monsieur de la Salle's Last Expedition and Discoveries in North America is the first English version from the French original, and is dated London, 1698. Tonti was Governor for St. Louis, "in the province of Illinois." The total of bids accepted at the first session was \$40,691. The highest figure, \$6,900, was paid for No. 142, Captain Frobisher's "Voyage," by a bidder whose name was withheld. Rosenbach and Company of Philadelphia paid the second highest price, \$5,600, for Sir Francis Drake's "West Indian Voyage."

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 98 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

The Middle Group of American Historians. By John Spencer Bassett. 12mo, 324 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.

Lady Logan's Recollections. By E. Dalhousie Logan. Illustrated, 8vo, 345 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.

A Balkan Freebooter. By Jan Gordon. Illustrated. 12mo, 317 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

Story of My Life and Work. By G. Frederick Wright. With portrait, 12mo, 459 pages. Bibliotheca Sacra Co. \$2.

Henry Ford's Own Story. By Rose Wilder Lane. With portrait, 12mo, 184 pages. Ellis O. Jones. \$1.

George Armstrong Custer. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated, 12mo, 188 pages. Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Flower-Patch Among the Hills. By Flora Klickmann. 12mo, 316 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Studies in Language, Literature, and Criticism. No. 1. The Naming of Characters in the Works of Charles Dickens. 12mo, 35 pages. University of Nebraska Press. Paper.

FICTION.

The Druid Path. By Marah Ellis Ryan. 12mo, 317 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35.

The Street of the Blank Wall. By Jerome K. Jerome. 12mo, 319 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

The Works of Gilbert Parker; XX. The World for Sale. Frontispiece, 12mo, 373 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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